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Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 56

FEBRUARY, 1921

NO. 2



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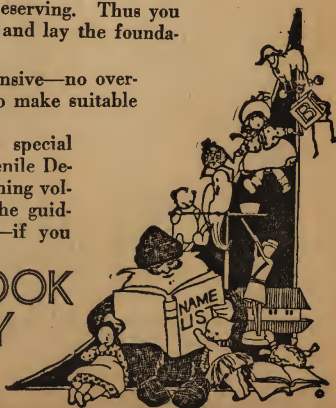
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SAY THAT YOU SAW IT IN THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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SAY THAT YOU SAW IT IN THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

VICTORY

By Oliver C. Dalby

It is in the gift that thou givest,
Thy reward is won;
It is in the service thou renderest,
Thy duty is done.
It is in the love thou bestowest,
Thy love is returned;
It is in the sacrifice thou makest,
Thy blessing is earned.

It is in the word that thou speakest,
Thy tenderness is born;
It is in the seed that thou sowest,
Thy harvest is shorn.
It is in the deed that thou doest,
Thy record is made;
It is in the act thou performest,
Thy measure is paid.

It is in the songs that thou singest,
Thy heart is relieved;
It is in the prayers thou offerest,
Thy peace is received.
It is in the life that thou livest,
Thy wealth is secure;
It is in the record thou recordest,
Thy salvation is sure.



BAPTISM OF CHILDREN, AT MONA, UTAH

(Photo by Geo. E. Anderson)

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Nancy Hanks Lincoln

By Joseph S. Richards

Born in Virginia, when three years old her parents, Joseph and Nancy Shipley Hanks, crossed the mountains into Kentucky. Orphaned at nine, she was adopted and reared by Richard and Lucy Shipley Berry, at whose home in Beechland, Washington County, Kentucky, she was married to Thomas Lincoln, June 17, 1806. Of this union were born Sarah, Abraham and Thomas. The first married Aaron Grigsby and died in Indiana in 1828. The last died in infancy. The second lived to write the Emancipation Proclamation.

The days of the distaff, the skillet, the Dutch oven, the open fireplace with its iron crane are no longer, but homemaking is still the finest of the fine arts. Nancy Hanks was touched with the divine aptitudes of the fire-side. Loved and honored for her wit, geniality and intelligence, she justified an ancestry reaching beyond the seas, represented by the notable names of Hanks, Shipley, Boone, Evans and Morris. To her was entrusted the task of training a giant, in whose childhood's memories she was halloved. Of her he said, "My earliest recollection of my mother is sitting at

her feet with my sister, drinking in the tales and legends that were read and related to us." To him on her death-bed she said, "I am going away from your Abraham, and I shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy, that you will be kind to Sarah and your father. I want you to live as I have taught you and to love your Heavenly Father." "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

The above simple eulogy is carved in marble in the interior of the Lincoln Memorial erected at Lincoln's birthplace near Hodgenville, Kentucky. As a type of "The Pioneer Mother" Nancy Hanks deserves the tribute of Charles Grafly found on that notable statue at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

"Over rude paths beset with hunger and risk she pressed onward toward the vision of a better country; to an assemblage of men-busied with the perishable rewards of the day she brought the three-fold leaven of enduring society; faith, gentleness and home with the nurture of children."

With her as with so many of those pioneer women the words of Ruskin

had living examples: "This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. So far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the heart watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name and fulfills the praise of home. And wherever a true wife comes this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless."

"Small things they that make a homeside—

A light, a woman, a child;

But they track you across the ocean,

And follow you into the wild.

They reach and beckon and draw you,

Holding you all the while—

For home's in a baby's prattle

And the light of a woman's smile."

In this humble log dwelling of sturdy hewn oak that has weathered the storms of a century, Nancy Hanks Lincoln brought forth and nurtured the great soul who looms as a giant figure among the great ones of the earth. The rude house, better than many in that primitive day, was fashioned by Thomas Lincoln, himself a carpenter who had the best set of tools for miles around. To this wilderness home three years before the birth of Abraham he brought his bride; here their children were born and amid similar surroundings they were reared.

Who will question that during those early years of the great Lincoln, those nine years of infancy and boyhood, the formative years of every life, his home was a true nursery of greatness, ineffably grand according to the purest standards. The memory of it dwelt in the kindliness, the humanity of his own nature, and the loss of it accustomed him to such sorrow that afterwards he could bear the woe of a nation in her agony.

The beauty of Lincoln's education is that it was so natural. Wild and fair nature opened to him her secrets, but Nancy Hanks was a woman of no ordinary mould. In her hands the training of her boy was secure. Here was a mother who was never too busy to devote herself to her children. The little ones come running in at the door with their hands full of wild flowers gathered in the backwoods. Beaming with childish eagerness they bring to her their tribute of love. Again they are overwhelmed with excitement at some episode of a countryside where bears were still found in the woods and the timber wolf was known. As the true mother sat with her children at her knee, possibly she told them of the hunter near their birthplace who followed a wounded bear into a great cave with miles and miles of mighty caverns and a hidden river where the voice echoed back like the roar of a giant. Or again the thousand adventures of the great Boone, their kinsman, taught their lesson of courage. At her feet they drank in those tales and legends that she alone could tell. What were those stories that made Lincoln "Honest Abe?" What looks in his mother's eyes, flashing scorn at wrong, gave him that passion for justice and hatred of oppression that made him swear when he saw slavery to hit that thing hard? There were few books in the pioneer home, but the Bible was always there and its stories, so simple and yet so wonderful, with a charm fresh as Eden

and a truth infinite as life itself,—these could not fail to deepen the understanding and quicken the sympathies of the young lad.

"I want you to live as I have taught you and to love your Heavenly Father." There are many things that a loving mother would like to do for her little ones,—often the physical

needs crowd out the more essential things,—but what wealth of joy must have come to Lincoln's mother in her last moments to know that she had not neglected her motherhood and that her boy would be a good boy. She knew her teaching had sunk deep in his heart and that in his memory her own pure soul had left an eternal impress.

A Visit to the Oakland Sunday School

By Joseph A. West

A visit to the Oakland Sunday School demonstrates the advisability of acquiring ourselves, as Sunday School workers, with the methods that prevail elsewhere in Sunday School work.

Being a Parents' Class supervisor I am particularly interested in finding some new Parents' Class activities. The first Sunday that I was at Oakland Brother Reese, the supervisor, gave to each member of the class a list of books to be found in the Berkeley Public Library suitable for Parents' Class home reading, and in connection therewith two cards, one indicating what hours each day could be devoted to reading and the other designating the book selected and the time when begun and finished; also the name of the author and publisher so that any one desiring to read the same could readily find it. Books in line with the class lessons were to be given first preference, and especially those on sociology. After that any that might be preferred. At a later time opportunity might be given to summarize any especially interesting book that the class might have the benefit thereof.

The chief motive assigned by Brother Reese for introducing in the Oakland Sunday School a parents' home reading course was to enable them to keep pace, as far as possible, with their better educated children to whom present educational opportuni-

ties gave a pre-eminent advantage over anything their parents had enjoyed.

Might not this thought be profitably referred to many of the Latter-day Saints? An intelligent understanding of the supposed evolutionary origin of man, for instance, might enable parents to point out to their children the infinite beauty and consistency of man's divine origin in comparison with such faith-destroying doctrines. Today our children are something like the Missourian who says "show me" and are no longer willing to accept the unsupported testimony of their parents upon questions of this kind as against the influence and teachings of our high schools, colleges and universities.

A peculiarly interesting incident occurred in connection with the selection of the list of available books. Brother Reese said that he could only find one book in the library upon the subject of Mormonism and that was of a decidedly anti-Mormon character. Some one spoke up and said he had looked in the wrong place, that all such books were classed and filed among the heathen literature. I subsequently visited the library and finding such to be the case took the matter up with the librarian, insisting that we were the most intensely Christian of all other religious sects put together, believing literally in all that Christ had ever revealed in any

age of the world and that our books should be given a place among those of other Christian denominations. His reply was that the classification of all library books had been made years ago by one of his predecessors, a very learned man in that line of work, and that he did not feel like assuming the responsibility of changing it.

Finding no "Era" in the magazine section I asked if one would be given a place therein were I to furnish it free of charge. This was taken under advisement and I was later told that their current magazine section was over-crowded but that they would be glad to give it a place among the other denominational magazines and also list it in their current catalogue. I also visited the California University library and found the books upon Mormonism much more easily accessible. The offer of an "Era" was promptly accepted and promised a place among their current magazines so I requested copies sent to each place which later were tendered free to me through the courtesy of Brother Edward H. Anderson.

I found the musical department of

the Oakland Sunday School in charge of Brother Frank J. Parsons, Mr. Jacklin's private secretary, and he was handling it in a most masterful way. I never saw any one so successful in getting all to sing, even to the littlest tots present. He is quite pleasing in address and very witty, always saying something to please the children and whenever he said to them, "Now sit up straight, throw your shoulders back and sing" all responded with an alacrity that was wonderful to behold.

He insists upon all songs being memorized and the last day I was there all the singing, even to a somewhat lengthy Christmas cantata was sung without the books. This Cantata was arranged by Brother Parsons and is one of the finest children's cantatas that I have had the pleasure of listening to in years.

The Oakland Sunday School has the advantage of the active participation of a number of Utah students who are in attendance at the Berkley University and they add greatly to the character of the school, especially to the advanced departments thereof.

The Teacher out of Sunday School Responsibility Attached to Personal Conduct

By Elder Alfred C. Rees, Member of the General Board

We all in life gauge our activities by the things which we have in view, the ideals which we have set about to reach. There are those of us who will go away and absent ourselves from all the refinements of society and civilization, in quest of adventure or wealth. There are those who, in order to gain business success, will deprive themselves of physical welfare even to the breaking down of their health. The pugilist, in order to be physically fit, will put aside his appetites for a time. And so through-

out life, irrespective of who we are, we always measure our activities by the ideals which we wish to attain.

If we were to ask the question, "What after all is the ideal which we have before us?—To what have we set ourselves in life?—I believe I would answer that question by saying, "To inspire the youth of Israel to live and love the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

With that established, it is very easy then for us to answer the questions as to our responsibility for our personal conduct. In fact, we have

answered the question when we have established that one premise—for then the conclusion is very easily reached. Why is it necessary to ask of you as to your attitude on the observance of the Sabbath, as to the propriety in the dance, as to fitting conversation respecting those who have been selected as the mouthpieces of the Lord upon the earth, the oracles of heaven, the leaders in Israel, the anointed of God? Why is it necessary to ask as to our attitude on the Word of Wisdom; in short, as to things which make up the fundamental things in life? They are all answered when you and I can, with assurance, with sincerity, with devotion and with prayerful hearts, say, "We have set out for this one thing in life, in connection with our Sunday School work, namely, to inspire the youth of Israel under our charge to live and to love the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I was impressed with the statement made by our late Apostle Francis M. Lyman. In his usual frankness and yet, his unflinching courtesy, when invited to partake of things which were not consistent with his belief, his answer was, "They do not agree with me, thank you."—But aside he would always say, "They do not agree with my conscience."

Those things that are not in conformity with our ideals are the things from which we would naturally and very logically abstain. Is it conceivable that having assumed this very important and dignified post of teacher of the youth of Israel, that we can so forget ourselves that we would permit the high ideals to be shattered in our own estimation?

We have been treated to a very lamentable affair very recently in the sporting world. Every boy, every red-blooded youth in America loves the baseball game. You know the story to which I refer, and how we all hung

our heads in shame when the sad acknowledgment came out. Those men violated the confidence of the American boy. We, too, stand in a conspicuous position before the boys and girls of Israel. Whether knowingly or not we do represent to them a certain ideal, and may it never be said of us that any boy or girl must hear the confession from us or have it established as a fact, that we have violated the things which would shatter their ideals in life, and their faith in their fellows.

It is said that we at every moment in our lives represent, as human automatons, the entire past. As we stand before our boys and girls, no matter how beautiful the phrase, how perfect the rhetoric, how wonderful the delivery, or how well designed our plans, if we in our own actions belie the very things we are attempting to teach, we can see how we completely vitiate the very influence which we hope to exert. So the responsibility of our actions is summed up in the one statement: We must keep before us in a prayerful, humble way, that ideal which should be established in the hearts and the minds of every teacher in the Sunday Schools throughout the Church, that we are here to inspire, to elevate—not only to maintain the high standard of the present, but also to make secure the future of the Church by holding out an ideal to posterity, who have yet great achievements to fulfill. We are indebted to Carlisle, who, while speaking of great men, may well have said of every Sunday School teacher, "He is the living fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well to be with them."

May that thought be in our mind. May we not forget the ideal to which we are striving, for that is the answer to the question as to whether or not you and I shall assume the responsibility for our personal conduct.

Eudora's Questions

Susa Young Gates

"Eudora," said the mother, on a peaceful Sabbath afternoon, when the house was still with the restfulness of Sunday serenity, "Sit down, and grandma will read to you a story about the Prophet Joseph Smith."

"No," answered Eudora, "let me read the story to grandma."

Accordingly the child sat down at her grandmother's knee while her mother dozed peacefully in the arm chair by the fireside.

They made a charming picture, the golden-haired child of eight, intent upon her book, while the white-haired grandmother sat listening to the excellent rendition of her gifted grandchild's portrayal of the early struggles and sublime triumph of the youthful Prophet Joseph Smith.

The little girl pronounced her words perfectly, the emphasis was placed correctly, and a quick understanding of the whole scene was evidenced in the child's rendition of the moving tale.

At the close of the story, the little girl looked up in her grandmother's face, and with nervous gestures to emphasize her point she asked:

"Now grandma, tell me truly; did the Prophet Joseph Smith really see our Father in heaven, or did he only think he did?"

With an astounded inner recognition of the fact that the child was already reaching the age of reason, the grandmother looked into the bright blue eyes of the little girl and replied:

"Of course, he saw our Father in heaven, Eudora, just as plainly as you see me now."

"If he saw our Father, why can't I and all the people see Him?" asked Eudora.

"Well it was not right nor proper for others to see our Father at that time. For a good plan was made before this earth was made up and

while we lived in heaven. And we all agreed to come down here and do right without our Heavenly Father telling us to, or showing Himself to us at all. We promised to mind our earthly fathers and mothers and to learn from them what was right to do."

"You know it might be that your mother and father would go to Logan for a week in order to try out you and Anna and Marcel, just to discover if you would be good, and do what they wanted you to do while they were absent from you."

"They would put you on your honor, that you shouldn't eat candy, nor stay out after dark with your playmates, nor should Anna or Marcel do any of the things that father tells them are wrong to do."

"You all three might be told before father left you that if you were to be very good, and to do just as you ought to do, that they would bring you back a beautiful present, and would be so happy to be with you once again."

"Now, part of this trial of your honor might be that you were not to know, nor remember anything about father and mother while they were away, nor were you to hear their voices over the telephone, nor to see them in pictures, nor anything of that kind."

"Now, if some of your playmates should come to you during this week and say to you 'that it was all right to tell little lies, or it was all right to keep your playmate's doll,' you would say, 'No, indeed that is not true! My mother told me different, and I can't do those things or it would make mother unhappy.' Then maybe someone would come to you and say that you had no father and mother, and that it was all untrue that your father and mother were up in Logan."

They might tell you that you did not need any father or mother, that you just happened to come on this earth as a little baby, or that your father's father came that way; or he might tell you that your father's father's father was a little monkey, and that the little monkey was at first just a little wiggling worm. Then someone else might come and tell you that the Catholics were right, and someone else might say that the Presbyterians were right, and others might tell you that the Baptists were right. Don't you see, Eudora, you would get so worried, and mixed up you just wouldn't know where you were at. Now, if you get so unhappy that you just felt as though you could not bear it another minute, you might possibly pick up the telephone and call for father at the other end of the line in Logan, and tell him all your troubles, and how wretched and uncertain and confused you were. You might say to him that you did not know which way to turn nor whom to believe.

"Don't you think your father would be glad to come right down from Logan and stand right before you and tell you all about it?"

"He would say, 'None of the people or the churches are right because the Priesthood was taken from the earth a little while after the Savior's death, and so when they did not have the Priesthood you know they could not have the authority to baptize people, nor have a church because they would have no authority; and then maybe father would go right back to Logan so as to keep his word.'

"Then, if you went and told your playmates and all the people who had been talking to you, that father had been to see you, they might all say it was not so, because they did not see him themselves; but even if they denied your father's visit to you, if you had seen him, Eudora, you would always say you had, wouldn't you? And you would stick to that no mat-

ter what anybody might say, or think about it.

"Now, that was the way with the Prophet Joseph Smith, you know. He had seen our Heavenly Father and he knew it. But our Father does not come to this earth, just because some of us would like to see Him, or hear His voice.

"He has sent us down here to learn all we can about His laws and then to keep them if we want to get back where He is.

"Of course, if we could see Him every night, or hear Him over a telephone, it would be a whole lot easier to do what is right in the day time.

"He knows and He wants us to do what is right because we want to do what is right, and not because we are going to get a present for it, and so He made us forget all about our home in heaven before we came here, and all about Him, and our Savior, and all our angel playmates. But there is a little secret telephone inside our hearts that connects up with our Heavenly Father's throne, and any time that we get down on our knees and use that telephone, He hears what we ask, and He can hear just as plainly as father could hear your voice when he was in Logan, and you telephoned to him.

"How do we know, grandma, when he answers us?" asked the child.

"You can tell that Eudora, by the heavenly peaceful spirit that comes into your heart when you are kneeling down and telephoning to your Father in Heaven. When people do right, we have a secret happiness that never comes to us when we do wrong, and that is one of the best answers that the angels bring us from the throne of our Father in Heaven."

And so, Eudora sat on the stool at her grandmother's feet with her dimpled chin in her dimpled hands, looking into the red coals of the fire and thinking, and thinking, and thinking.



Child Training at Home

THE SLEEPY HOUR

By Luella A. Palmer, Author of "Play Life in the First Eight Years"

I often wonder if Mother realizes what that last kiss and tender pat means to a child as she tucks him into bed. Perhaps the caress would be given oftener and with added gentleness if she knew what an influence it had upon the unfolding of a little new life.

Over and over the brain repeats during the night the events of the day, twisting them into fantastic shapes. These ideas float through the mind of the child for eight to ten hours out of the twenty-four—during one-third to one-half of his life. Whether the fancies will be happy or sad is often determined by the last half hour before sleep begins. And the repetition of the ideas influences a child's temperament making it more cheerful or pessimistic.

That last half hour is often a tax upon the patience of the mother and older people. The child is tired, the activity of the day has exhausted him and he relaxes control over himself; he becomes nervous and excitable or sluggish and obstinate. The adult is also not so well poised as during the day and the sleepy time is often a period of conflicts.

What is the result of discipline just before sleep? When a child has been very naughty and received some physical correction and had a good cry, he falls into a deep sleep. There is a certain soothingness about the

finality to his treatment; he has been upset, in an irresponsible, capricious frame of mind during his naughtiness, then in a state of suspense as to the outcome, and the punishment has settled his uncertainty, there in a promise that life will run smoothly in the morning. The hard cry exhausts the child physically and he is in a state for rebuilding sleep.

There is another kind of crying to sleep which does not bring rest and health. When a child has been just a little petulant or reluctant to obey, not naughty enough to be dealt with severely, the adult sometimes speaks harshly or finds fault with the child and insist on exact compliance with commands. The little one goes to bed in a bad humor and cries fretfully. An older child will toss restlessly. The sleep is light and unrefreshing, there is a feeling of something wrong with the world that he cannot help or explain. Even if the displeasure incurred does not cause the child to cry himself to sleep, if that last event in the day has been disagreeable and no reconciliation has followed, the unhappy mood colors the night's dreams.

What shall we do? Shall discipline weaken at the end of the day or shall we hold strictly to our rules? Shall we allow the child to be disobedient, or insist on compliance at the expense of everyone's happiness? What is truly best for the child's good?

The best attempt at solution is prevention of the difficult situation. The sleepy mood of the child should always be considered before any requests or suggestions are made.

Evening is not the time for correction if it can possibly be postponed.

Of course real naughtiness must always be dealt with positively on the spot by an appropriate consequence. But a child should never go to sleep without the forgiveness and sympathy of the person who has been compelled to inflict the punishment. Comfort and love should go with him into the land of dreams. Often we can afford to let the correction of little perversenesses and mischief wait over for the morning.

One little tired "cranky" child refused to put his toys away. The wise mother said, "Mother will do it tonight and we will talk it all over in the morning." After breakfast the heart to heart talk came, he was in control of himself then and could reason clearly. The conclusion reached was shown in her final sentence; "Tonight you will put your toys away because you must take care of your own property. Mother has the whole house and you and daddy to look after." With his mind firmly made up and strongly set during the day, there was no further trouble about the responsibility for clearing away the toys.

Few children express in words what they feel about the goodnight

caress, but one mother was rewarded one morning by a voice beside her bed saying "Mother, I just always have to hug you first in the morning, 'cause you always hug me last at night."

The influence of that hour may last through adolescence and youth. One grown up son away at college wrote to his mother, "Do you remember how after I had been naughty I was always sorry, but I could not say a word until I had plumped down into your lap before going to bed and bored by head into your neck? I would be a pretty big lapful now but I wish I could try it. It was not even the same after I got big and sat on your bed telling you about parties and things."

It is at the sleepy hour that intimate little confidences are given and quaint ideas expressed that lie too deep to be said in the midst of the happenings of the day. The mother who pauses to lend a sympathetic ear to little folks—and growing up folks—will gain and keep an intimacy and understanding companionship that will prove a safeguard and happy memory.

How Lincoln Prepared

"I'll work and be ready," young Lincoln said,
 "Then maybe my chance will come."
 So he studied hard in the firelight glow
 On the floor of his cabin home.

Sometimes neither paper nor pencil had he
 But it worried him scarce a bit;
 The wooden shovel was nice and smooth—
 So he made him a slate of it!

With a charcoal brand from the glowing fire

He figured with all his might;
 "The tools don't matter so much," said he,

"If I get the answer right!"

So he did his best with the tools he had,
 Thus training both mind and heart;
 And when in her need his country called,
 He was ready to do his part.

Fearless to stand for the truth he loved,
 With lessons well learned he was wise;
 A beacon to each boy and girl, is he—
 For the victor is he who tries.

And all o'er our land on his natal day
 Youth and age will honor his name;
 For by doing his best he has won a place
 In our nation, more blessed than fame.

—Effie Stewart Dart.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY, - FEBRUARY, 1921

Thrift

What may we reasonably do without? Such a question should be proposed in every home. And thrift should be taught, whether the financial conditions of parents enforce it or not. Thrift is a duty, which we owe to one another and to our God. The man who needlessly squanders money, is an enemy to his children, to society and to God.

Thrift lies at the foundation of our well being and happiness. As indi-

viduals, we may not need to practice it today, but we may be in sore need of it tomorrow. If we are not in need of it, our children may be in the future. However, we have no right to live exclusively for ourselves and our children. We all owe a duty to the public. We are growing yearly more and more dependent upon one another. We are more and more the creatures of public opinion, which we should do everything in our power to make a healthy one.

After all, we are stewards, accountable to God for the financial blessings with which we have been endowed.

Waste is an abomination and leads to practices that are sinful. We should be careful to spend as little money as possible beyond our actual needs, and our needs do not include the so-called pleasures of life. God has, in all ages, punished the sin against thrift. If we do not conserve what He has given us, what He intended should bless us and others, the day will come, most likely in this life, when we shall be required to give an accounting.

Many men and women have an ambition to indulge their children. They sometimes boast of the amount of money that is expended on them, as though it were a credit to them.

In our appetites and in our dress, in the furnishings of our homes, we should practice the simple life. Excessive appetites are destructive of our health. Fashion in dress leads to sinful pleasures and gayety in the home destroys its humility and its faith.

As night follows day, as age follows age, thrift must follow extravagance. The danger is that it will be an enforced thrift. We shall experience famine and pestilence and all the plagues that follow these punishments which come to the world when the

world disregards the fundamental laws of its well being. This is the day to begin the practice of saving. We shall be drawn into suffering in spite, perhaps, of all we can do to prevent it, but we may make our suffering come gradually, so imperceptible, that we shall hardly realize that we are passing from a stage of comfort to one of want and suffering.

Official Announcement

We are pleased to announce a new issue of the Book of Mormon. From the time of its first publication, in 1830, to the present, the demand for this volume of Scripture has been constantly increasing.

So many imprints have been taken from the several sets of old plates that all of these have become defectively worn, and the preparation of a new set of electrotypes was deemed imperative.

The necessary re-setting of type afforded an opportunity of making several improvements in book-making details. Among these improvements the following are worthy of special mention:

1. Instead of the small type heretofore used, the text of the new issue is printed from 8-point Bible-type, which produces a large bold-faced letter, particularly clear and easy to read.

2. The text is set in two columns to the page, Bible style, thus presenting short lines, which are easily followed, instead of the long lines of full-page width hitherto used.

3. Each chapter is preceded by a concise heading, embodying its principal contents.

4. The designation of book and chapter at the top of each page has been simplified and made much more serviceable than the old style.

5. The foot-note references have been carefully revised, and in some instances, amplified.

6. At the bottom of each page, ex-

cepting only the Book of Ether, the chronology of principal events is given, as such a time "B. C." or "A. D." The years are distinguished as exact or approximate specifications, according to the information furnished by the Book of Mormon itself.

7. Preceding the text is a "Brief Analysis of the Book of Mormon," which will greatly assist the reader in comprehending the relations of the several divisions or "books" to each other.

8. Also preceding the text, appears a comprehensive account of the "Origin of the Book of Mormon," which is couched, almost entirely, in the words of the inspired translator, Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

9. Following the text is a "Synopsis of Chapters" and other helps.

10. A "Pronouncing Vocabulary" gives a simple and consistent pronunciation of practically every proper name, and of some other words, of Book of Mormon origin.

11. What promises to be one of the most helpful features of the new issue is the comprehensive "Index," comprising 68 columns of reference data, grouped both according to subjects and to important passages. The need of an index to the Book of Mormon has long been yearningly felt and strongly expressed. We doubt not that this addendum to the volume will be greatly appreciated.

The first edition from the new plates is printed on paper of superior quality, and is supplied in a variety of better-class bindings.

We trust the publication of the Book of Mormon in this improved form will result in a more devoted study of this distinctive volume of Holy Scripture, and in a fuller application of its saving precepts and principles in the lives of our people and amongst all who read it.

HEBER J. GRANT,
ANTHON H. LUND,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
First Presidency,

TOPICS of the TIMES

By J. M. Sjodahl

THE UNEMPLOYED

Among the outstanding features of the conditions now existing in our country, as reflected by the press reports, is the increase of the number of unemployed. Clothing manufacturers especially are said to be closing their factories in all parts of the country, rendering thousands of hands idle.

It is probably true that some prefer idleness because of the opportunities it affords them to sow the seeds of discontent, revolution, and sedition in receptive soil. But even when allowance is made for those who welcome industrial stringency and distress, there remains a great number of worthy laborers who are out of employment.

This is not strange. The conditions created by the demands of the war could not last. A reaction was sure to come. But neither can the opposite conditions last long. The pendulum swings back and forth. Normal conditions will return as soon as the world obtains peace and regains its mental balance.

In the meantime it is a pleasure to record such acts of unselfishness as this: Five hundred employees of the Nash Clothing Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O., in a meeting held Nov. 30, decided to surrender their jobs for one month in order to give work to the unemployed of other factories, and also to accept, if necessary, a reduction of wages in order to bring down prices and stimulate business. Similar action has been reported from other establishments. If such a spirit were more general, there would be little trouble in the world.

CARNIVAL OF CRIME

Another feature that should be noted as one of the signs of the times is the wave of crime that is sweeping over this country, as well as other countries. There is a veritable deluge of murder, burglary, robbery, dishonesty and immorality. According to newspaper reports, in New York City since the first of the year, "the unsolved murders alone total more than 100," and the hold-ups, robberies, and thefts reported by the police represent a property loss of more than \$3,100,000. Chicago, in the same period, reports no less than "68 murders that have defied solution;" and the news columns reveal the fact that just before Chief Fitzmorris's raids one day was marked by three pay-roll robberies, twenty hold-ups, eight burglaries, and a murder. In Philadelphia, according to *The Inquirer* of that city, there have been 100 murders in eleven months; and a recent record of fifty hold-ups in one day has resulted in plans for a special motor-cycle squad of bandit-chasing riflemen. In Pittsburgh, according to a correspondent, "there has been an increase of 20 per cent in crime this year," and "13 murders remain unsolved by the police." In Boston, says *The Herald* of that city, "hold-ups by gunmen are becoming increasingly numerous." The Newark *Ledger* reports "some increase in crimes of violence." In Cincinnati *The Commercial Tribune* states that "every agency of robbery is working overtime." In St. Louis conditions have recently compelled Chief of Police O'Brien to organize a "drive" against gunmen, gangsters, and the criminal forces generally. Cleveland's records show 70 murders.

Detroit confesses to an increase in homicides and robberies over its average for the last sixty years. In San Francisco the head of the detective bureau reports that "crimes of violence have increased since the advent of prohibition." In Seattle "robberies, hold-ups, and burglaries have been occurring with disturbing frequency," according to the *Seattle Times*, which adds: "The entire country is experiencing a veritable epidemic of crime." The situation is somewhat similar to that described by the Prophet Mormon, previous to the national extinction of the Nephites, when he says (Mor. 2:10): "And it came to pass that the Nephites began to repent of their iniquity* * * for behold no man could keep that which was his own, for the thieves, and the robbers, and the murderers, and the magic art, and the witchcraft which was in the land." Note that Mormon puts magic arts and witchcraft in the same class as dishonesty and crimes of violence.

Witchcraft means such alleged communication with the spirit world as the aborigines of America have practiced ever since the days of the Nephites and Lamanites, known in our day as "spiritism." Dr. Brinton tells of Indian priests communicating with the spirits of the dead, as follows:

"One of the most peculiar and characteristic exhibitions of their power was to summon a spirit to answer inquiries concerning the future and the absent. A great similarity marked the proceedings in all the northern tribes, from the Ekimos to the Mexicans. A circular or conical lodge of stout poles, four or eight in number, planted firmly in the ground, was covered with skins or mats, a small aperture only being left for the seer to enter. Once in, he carefully closed the hole and commenced his incantations. Soon the lodge trembles, the strong poles shake and bend

as with the united strength of a dozen men, and strange, unearthly sounds, now far aloft in the air, now deep in the ground, anon approaching near and nearer, reach the ear of the spectators. At length the priest announces that the spirit is present and is prepared to answer questions. * * * The replies received, are usually of that profoundly ambiguous purport which leaves the anxious inquirer little wiser than he was before." (*Myths of the New World*, page 309). This may give us some idea of the nature of the magic art and witchcraft referred to in the Book of Mormon. That cult and righteousness do not grow and flourish in the same flower bed. Man cannot, of course, communicate with the spirits beyond the veil, except by special divine permission. They are beyond the reach of common mortals. When we, nevertheless, dabble in such practices we invite evil spirits to come and associate with us, and their influence is exerted for evil in any home, in any community, where it gains entrance. The Nephites had the experience. A tidal wave of crime accompanied their spiritistic practices. The world today is passing through a similar experience.

FAMINE IN CHINA

In China famine has again made its appearance, and cholera is adding to the general distress. From twenty-five to thirty million people are said to be affected. An Associated Press correspondent says that in the stricken districts he found the soil parched and barren, prices soaring, migration of those having money, the people living on a diet of weeds, chaff, thistles and leaves; children, especially little girls, offered for sale; cholera from underfeeding, suicides of individuals in extreme despair, old women and children gleaning patches of weeds, men with no work to do, and clusters of refugees living in the shelter of temples in market towns. Such pic-

tures bring home to us the fact that we are indeed living in a country, choice above all, whose institutions are well worth guarding faithfully, as they were given to us by those who went before us.

President Wilson has just issued an appeal for help for China's dying millions, and that appeal will, no doubt, be answered liberally by the American people.

RUSSIA

The reports from Russia are rather disquieting. On Nov. 14, General Wrangel, who for some time has fought the Bolshevik forces, was finally overpowered and compelled to seek safety in flight. As Moroni (Alma 52) caused the "narrow pass which led into the land northward" to be fortified against the Lamanites, so General Wrangel constructed defenses on the narrow isthmus which connects the Crimean peninsula on the north with Russia, and he considered himself safe in that position, for the time being. But Winter came and the engineers of General Frost threw a bridge of ice across the bay. The Bolsheviks crossed over and the discouraged, ill-equipped army of General Wrangel was totally wrecked.

The Bolsheviks have now overcome every foreign-supported military rising against their government. Korniloff, Kolchak, Denikine, and Wrangel have all been defeated. The triumphant leaders of the blood-red hordes are now, according to reports, contemplating an invasion of Afghanistan, or India, and it is also said that they are laying plans for an agitation in South American countries and the United States. This seems to be confirmed by the proceedings of the Communist International congress at Moscow, Nov. 26, attended by Lenin and Trotsky, where a representative from the United States is alleged to have made the suggestion that the colored population of this country be induced to

unite with the radical elements of all nations in the interest of Bolshevism. What is that but a threat of a race war? It also appears, according to an interview in the *New York Times* that I. W. W.'s contemplate a revolutionary propaganda in this country in favor of Russian sovietism.

What, then, is the soviet form of government, as established in Russia?

That vast country is now divided, politically, into village and rural units, counties, provinces, and regions. Each of these divisions has a legislative and deliberative body called a soviet, and there is another soviet for the entire country.

So far the arrangement is similar to our own. The village and rural units correspond somewhat to our towns and cities; the counties to our counties; the provinces to our states; the regions to our sections of the country, such as the New England, the Southern, the western, the middle states, etc., and each soviet, except the regional, has a corresponding legislative body under our government.

But there the similarity ends. When we consider the distribution of the franchise and the representation of the people, the difference between the Russian soviet government and democracy is very striking.

According to the Russian Constitution, ratified July 10, 1918, men and women, eighteen years of age and over are entitled to vote, but only those who live through labor that is called productive and useful to society, and persons engaged in house-keeping for that class; also soldiers and sailors, whether in active service or disabled. Merchants, ministers of churches, those who have an income from capital, etc., are all disfranchised. Persons who employ hired labor in order to obtain from it an increase in profits may not vote nor hold office.

Another peculiarity of the system

should be noted. It is not the people as such that are represented in the soviet, but the trades, or trade unions. A group of carpenters in a city, for instance, must elect a carpenter to represent them. Barbers must elect a barber, blacksmiths a blacksmith, and so on. The soviet is, therefore, not a body representative of the citizenship but a kind of congress of trade unions.

When the voters in a given locality have elected the local soviet, the limit of the privilege of their franchise is reached. But there seems to be a distinction made between the rights of the farmers and those of other laborers. The farmers elect the members of the rural soviet; the members of the rural soviet then elect members to the provincial soviet, and the members of the provincial soviet elect members to the all-Russian congress. The city voters elect their urban soviet and this body votes for a member of the all-Russian congress, without the intervention of the provincial soviet. But the principle is the same. The voter has no voice in the election of what we would call state or federal representatives and officers.

Furthermore, the Russian government has no executive as we understand it, and no judiciary. The all-Russian congress of soviets appoints a committee of 200 members. This

committee selects another committee of seventeen members, which is called the council of people's commissars. Each of these seventeen members presides over a committee which exercises the function of a cabinet department. The chairman is the chief executive of the department over which his committee has charge. Lenin now is the chairman of the foreign affairs committee, and Trotsky over the committee of military affairs. There is no single head of the Russian government. It is like a hydra with many heads.

Economically and socially, Bolshevism presents further peculiarities. It has abolished private ownership of land. It has made only civil marriage legal. Divorce is granted whenever petition for one is presented. Religion is forbidden in all schools, private as well as public. Inheritance of property has been abolished.

This is sovietism. If an agitation for the overthrow of the divinely-inspired American form of government is to be begun in this country, it is necessary to know, intelligently and without prejudice, just what is to be offered us instead.

[The data here given concerning the Russian government are taken from a paper on "Soviet vs. American Government, by Hon. Burton L. French, Congressman from Idaho].

Menial Callings

Men talk about menial callings; but what is a menial calling? I will tell you. It is a calling that makes a man mean. And the moment any calling makes a man a man, he has dignified and glorified it. Show me the chrysalis first, and what a prejudice I have against butterflies! But show me the butterfly first, and after I have seen that, how beautiful the skin looks out of which it was hatched! I carry the beauty of the thing itself back to that from which it came, and by association dignify it. And I honor a man that has built himself up in avocations where no one suspected such a thing; that has dug up treasures where none but such an ingenious, industrious and patient man could have done it.—Carlyle.



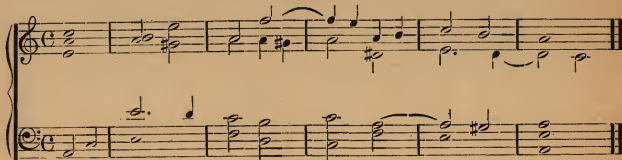
SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

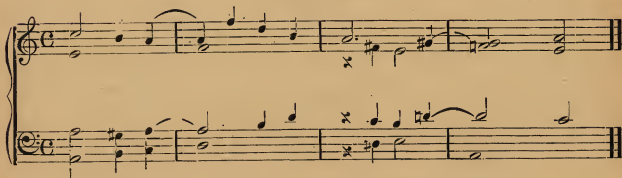
SACRAMENT GEM FOR APRIL, 1921

PRELUDE.



While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure,
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

POSTLUDE.



CONCERT RECITATION FOR APRIL, 1920

Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 13.

Words of the angel, John (the Baptist) spoken to Joseph Smith, Jr., and Oliver Cowdery, as he (the angel) laid his hands upon their heads and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood.

"Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remissions of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."

Uniform Fast Lesson—April, 1920

(For all departments.)

Opening song, general assembly: "We Are Watchers, Earnest Watchers."

Text: Why do I believe that the holy priesthood has been restored?

Suggestions to teachers

In order to awaken the reflective powers of the students, something stimulating should be given them by way of logical, inspirational opening remarks. The usual course is for the teacher himself to do this or to appoint one or more wide awake students to work out some line of thought that will accomplish this purpose.

There are many reasons for believing that the Priesthood we hold is of God: First, the way in which it was restored to earth by John the Baptist and by Peter, James, and John. Secondly: Because of the manifestations of power that accompany its ministrations. So direct the class that its members will reflect on instances where the power of the Priesthood has been shown by healings, by the averting of threatening dangers such as impending famines, accidents, mob violence, etc. Thirdly: Because of the great temporal growth and spiritual development that have come to this people through the inspired leadership of the Priesthood. Fourthly: Because of the wonderful men that have been developed in this Church through the wise use they have made of their Priesthood. The lives of these leaders is a testimony of the working within their souls of the power of a higher authority—the Priesthood of God.

"Unusual Attendance"

A report recently received from the Bountiful Second Ward Sunday School, South Davis Stake, shows that during 1920 there were 108 persons in that school who had not been absent any Sunday during the year. Four persons in the same school have not been absent for four years. The first group includes one mother and all of her six children. This is an unusual record of attendance.

COURSES OF STUDY FOR 1921**Kindergarten Department**

First year class. Text book, "Sun-

day Morning in the Kindergarten," new book, both years, \$1.00 postpaid.

Primary Department

First year class. Text book, "Stories from the Old Testament," 50c postpaid.

First Intermediate Department

First year class. Subject: Book of Mormon. Lessons outlined in current numbers of "Juvenile Instructor."

Third year class. Text book: "A Life of Christ for the Young," by George L. Weed, \$1.50 postpaid.

Second Intermediate Department

First year class. Text book: "A Young Folk's History of the Church," by Nephi Anderson, 75c postpaid.

Third year class. Text book: "What it Means to be a 'Mormon,'" by Adam Bennion, 75c postpaid.

Theological Department

First year class. Text book: "Ancient Apostles," by David O. McKay, \$1.25 postpaid.

Advanced Theological. Text book: "A New Witness for God," Vol. III, by B. H. Roberts, \$1.50 postpaid.

Parents' Department

Subject: "A Study of the Ten Commandments." Lessons outlined in current numbers of "Juvenile Instructor."

Designation of Classes in Departments

Classes in the Sunday Schools shall be designated by the year of the outlined lessons in each department, namely:

First Year Kindergarten Class	} Ages 4, 5 and 6
Second Year Kindergarten Class	
First Year Primary Class	} Ages 7 and 8
Second Year Primary Class	
First Year 1st Intermediate Class	} Ages 9, 10, 13, 14,
Second Year 1st Intermediate Class	
Third Year 1st Intermediate Class	
Fourth Year 1st Intermediate Class	
First Year 2nd Intermediate Class	} 11 and 12
Second Year 2nd Intermediate Class	
Third Year 2nd Intermediate Class	
Fourth Year 2nd Intermediate Class	
Second Year Theological Class	} Ages 17, 18
First Year Theological Class	
Advanced Theological Class	Ages 19 and over

Where there are a number of divisions in any class of any department, the designation should be section 1, 2, etc.

Teacher Training Department

Milton Bennion, Chairman; Adam Bennion

Do You Support Your Teacher-Training Class?

If I were to suggest a possible solution of the difficulties which we, as Teacher-Training Leaders have to meet, it would be this: Before we can "put over" our desire of getting more careful and stimulating teaching in our Sunday Schools, Priesthood Quorums, and Mutual Improvement Associations, it will be necessary first of all to convert the bishops of wards, and the heads of Sunday Schools to the vital need of adequate training on the part of men and women who attempt to teach.

I am not stating here that all bishops and Sunday School leaders are not converted to the need of training teachers, but I am stating that many of them seem to be afraid that they will offend someone by asking him to attend these training classes with the result that many of these classes are poorly attended. I know of one bishop, who, when setting apart teachers in his organizations asked them if they were willing to attend the training classes, and thus become more qualified for teaching. That bishop had, for one whole year, a training class of forty-five teachers who were becoming better trained each week.

I have in mind another bishop whose desire seems to be to "fill" the ranks of teachers without considering fully the qualifications of the individuals placed in the teaching work. When it was suggested that he have organized a good teacher-training class, he replied: "We don't need no trainin' for teachers except that the teachers be at their posts, and believe in the Gospel."

Of course, every teacher should be at his post, and should believe in the Gospel, but he must have other qualifica-

tions than these. He must prepare his lesson during the week. Many teachers (?) attempt to prepare theirs after getting to Sunday School. Is it not enough to make us wonder how children learn as well as they do considering some of the teaching—so called—which is done in our Sunday Schools?

Last Sunday I noted a class at work. The teacher was reading the lesson. The boys were playing among themselves, and the girls of the class were wondering what the teacher was trying to do. After the lesson was read, the teacher sat down and waited until the end of the study or recitation period came. I could find no central aim, no carefully prepared lesson, and no well thought out illustrations. The importance of starting from the known and proceeding to the unknown was entirely lacking.

If the above illustration is at all typical of our lack of good teaching, then how can the teachers of any ward get more careful teaching? My answer is simply this:

1. The bishopric and all the leaders of organizations of wards must become converted to the teacher-training idea.

2. Every teacher of every organization must consider as one of his credentials as a teacher his being a member of the teacher-training class.

3. Every teacher must consider as one of his important duties and privileges—the training of boys and girls in the Kingdom of God.

4. Every teacher must appreciate the real meaning of education,—that of leading out or drawing out, and leading into and drawing into.

I plead for more careful and sane teaching in our Church organizations.

Joseph Jenkins,
Member Nebo Stake Social Advisory Committee.

Which?

Life means growth, growth necessitates struggle, struggle implies service, service means joy; how full then must be the days, how supreme the struggle, how unstinted the service, how intensified the joy of all who find *life*!

Death means pausing, pausing indicates stagnation, stagnation signifies despair, despair precedes sin; how rapid then the deterioration, how bitter the despair, how dense the stagnation, how cruelly hypnotic the pause that leads to *death*!

ADDIE SAVAGE PACE,

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

Howard R. Driggs, Chairman; N. T. Porter, Henry H. Rolapp, E. G. Gowans, Seymour B. Young, Charles H. Hart, and George N. Child

WORK FOR MARCH

Study of The Ten Commandments

By N. T. Porter

Note: We again suggest that tact and good judgment are necessary in the discussion of these lessons, and separate classes for men and women may be used for discussion of some phases of the Seventh Commandment.

Division III. Seventh Commandment

"Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery"

I. Meaning and Scope of. (See work for February.)

II. Violations—General Character of—
1. Mental Phase of. 2. Physical Phase of.

III. Sex Impulse or Desire.

1. Its deeply imbedded instinctive character.
2. Its essential or vital character.
3. The attending delicacy—a lure toward abuse.

Sunday, March 6, 1921

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Sunday, March 13, 1921

Topic. II Violations. 2. Physical Phase of.
General Discussion.

Sex passion as registered in the physical self is a direct sequence of the mental state. The body is little more than a recording film. We trace in the flesh and blood the story of the inflamed mind. Passion's disorder within is observed in physical disorder without. The creeping flame of sensuousness searches the body through and through, and the active energies of life's functions rush blindly to the carousal.

And so the sexual debauch inward becomes a riot of physical functions outward.

Then it is that physical delicacy as well as spirit sanctity is fouled and even the gifts of man the animal are laid waste.

To sum up it can be said that in no phase of human life is the self-executing character of a retributive justice more unmistakable than in the physical markings which proclaim a breach of the Seventh Commandment.

Questionnaire

1. Show the impossibility of the sex impulse or desire stopping at the boundary line between the mental and the physical self.

2. Is it not a sex impulse only as it functions through the courses of one's physical life?

3. Is there a conscious process of our life more completely bound up and tied in with the physical self?

4. Will this explain the impossible secrecy of repeated violations of this command?

5. What delusion is there in the so-called concealments devised by man?

6. What can be said for the offender who essays safety in the caution against infection or disease?

7. What are the physical impairments apart from such?

8. What contribution is the delusion referred to in 5 making toward a disregard of this command?

9. What is the result as to the physical self a part from disclosure of any kind whatsoever to the public?

Sunday, March 20, 1921

Lesson Topic.

III. Sex-Impulse or Desire.

1. Its Deeply Imbedded Instinctive Character.

General Discussion.

The degrading connections with which one is wont to associate sex-impulse makes a thoughtful study of this sublime attribute imperative.

Sometime, somewhere, back toward the beginning, the yearn for existence or being was planted deep down in the soul of man. At the same time there arose from man's cradle of fears, that ghost of ghosts—extinction. As nature abhors a vacuum so man hurls himself against that yawning space—non-existence.

Far back in the unlighted past "Omniscience" decreed that in this life duration was to be had **only** through **change**. Facing this change man challenges lives from the beyond that his succession be not lost. Thus true to his ego—true to his God—true to that bent and trend of sex-impulse born—he multiplies life and laughs at the "Fates of Death."

Sex impulse then is the recoil of life triumphant. Sex impulse is the leap

from generation to generation. Sex impulse is the cry that harks back from life to life and echoes on from life to life over and across the eternities ahead.

If one could break the wax of social custom with which his ears are sealed he might hear the exalting cry of sex impulse coming up from the very depths of creation. He might sense its prophecy of the eternity of that life known as human life. He might feel in that glow of consciousness accompanying sex desire a flame kindled by the Almighty. In all and all he might be lifted up rather than dragged down.

Questionnaire

1. Explain why and how social prudery signals us away from a frank and wholesome study of sex impulse.

2. Why is a discussion or exposition of this and related matters left to those sitting or operating in the social swamps of life?

3. To what extent is the claim for privacy to be allowed?

4. Is there some strange mystery which if revealed sweet modesty would take flight?

5. What is the relation between sex impulse and that first command to man, "Multiply and replenish," etc?

6. Mention some evidences of its deep seated character.

7. What marks sex impulse in man as distinguished from sex instinct in animals?

8. Why its degradation in man as against normalcy in animals?

Sunday, March 27, 1921

Lesson Topic.

III. Sex Impulse or Desire.

2. Its Essential or Vital Character.

General Discussion

The reach out for self extension is one of the first acts denoting being or the existence of the living thing. It is the correlate of self preservation. Reproduction is the highest form of self extension. Sex impulse lies both at the beginning and at the bottom of reproduction.

It was considered too essential or too vital to the procreative plan to be left to the rational process. So we find it imbedded deep down in the lower levels of existence. Impulse and instinct or instinctive impulse sets in motion the urge of sex desire.

It is in this automaton of existence that the Creator planted the things that could not be left to chance. As into the body came the breath of life there came also the urge to the struggle to continue that life.

Sex impulse comes to us as the very spirit or mood of the creative act by which we came to be.

The first lurch of life forward is impelled by the urge to perpetuate self.

With the last leaf of the plant falls the seed into the earth mould below. Life begins and life ends in that self same yearning for existence to go on.

Sex desire in the human is the sublime fruitage of maturity. It comes at the climax of physical being. It is the one place where the function of self rises to the highest level of self, and reproduces a self in its own likeness.

And so it is in the passion-heat of sex impulse, with being at the full, that the links of man's endless chain are forged. Not only is the sex impulse in its fruitage essential to being and to continuity of life, but it is essential to well being.

He who would raise his body to its full creative strength must find that body charged with procreative power. In other words sex impulse is essential to life on life's dynamic side.

For the very surge and grip of being is pushed or tightened by its glow.

In the physical self it adds manhood to man and it adds womanhood to woman. For in this life of ours the load and drag of sterility is hard to bear.

Questionnaire

1. What is the relation between reproduction and self preservation?

2. Explain how and why the wisdom in fixing sex impulse within the measures of instinct. Or what the danger in leaving it to the intelligence of the human being?

3. Why the coincidence in time between normal action of sex impulse on the one hand and the reach toward maturity on the other? Or why is it set when life is at the full physically rather than mentally?

4. What are the general physical effects incident to sterility or impotency?

Note. Let the reply be based on facts discreetly put. Avoid wild speculative discussions.

5. What would you list as making up manhood? What womanhood? Physical? Mental?

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Chairman; John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr. and Robert L. Judd

First Year—Ancient Apostles

First Sunday, April 3, 1921

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Text: Why do I believe that the Holy priesthood has been restored? (See Superintendents' Department, p. 73.)

Second Sunday, April 10, 1921

Lesson 10. Out of Gloom into Light

References: John 20; Mark 16; Luke 24; I Cor. 15:5.

Aim: To realize one's weakness is to begin to gain strength; to see one's duty clearly is to have it half performed.

Incidental Aims: The truths of the Gospel are more precious than the wealth of the world. Seeking to bless one's fellowman is more precious than to seek the riches of earth. Death, which is merely a change, has no terrors for the true followers of Christ.

I. Peter in Solitude.

1. Conditions intensifying his grief.
2. His character in contrast with Christ's.

II. The Apostles in Doubt as to Future Course.

1. Peter and John together.
2. Determine to visit tomb.

III. The Day of the Resurrection.

1. Mary at the Tomb.
- (a) Her message to Peter and John.

2. Peter and John at the Sepulchre.

3. Christ's appearances.

IV. Christ's Final and Definite Charge to the Twelve.

1. At sea of Tiberias.

(a) The fisherman made Shepherd.

Note.—Christ walks and talks with two disciples.

"During the afternoon of the Sunday of the resurrection two disciples, not of the apostles, left the little band of believers in Jerusalem and set out for Emmaus, a village between seven and eight miles from the city. Their topics of conversation were their blighted hopes of a Messianic reign, incidents in His life, and the incomprehensible testimony of the woman who had seen the resurrected Lord. As they walked another traveler joined them. It proved to be Jesus but their eyes were holden that they should not know Him." Read in

Luke 24:13-32; and Mark 16:12. Note the conversation that took place.—Talmage.

If possible read Talmage's lengthy note in "Jesus the Christ" page 698 treating "Attempts to discredit the Resurrection through falsehood." Also of the recorded appearances of Christ between the Resurrection and Ascension.

Third Sunday, April 17, 1921

Lesson 11. A True Leader and Valiant Defender

References: Acts 1:2.

Aim: The Holy Spirit is man's greatest guide and comforter.

Incidental Aims: (1) The Spirit of God gives peace and love. (2) First principles of the Gospel essential to salvation.

I. Waiting for Fulfilment of Christ's Promise.

1. Meetings in upper room.

II. A New Apostle Chosen.

1. Circumstances.

2. Need.

3. Manner.

III. The Day of Pentecost.

1. Holy Ghost given.

(a) Effect.

2. The Multitude.

3. Peter's address.

IV. At Solomon's Porch.

1. The impotent man.

2. The miracle.

3. The address.

Note.—Pentecost.

"The name means 'fiftieth' and was applied to the Jewish feast that was celebrated fifty days after the second day of unleavened bread, or the Passover day. Pentecost was one of the great feasts in Israel and was of mandatory observance. Special sacrifices were appointed for the day, as was also an offering suitable to the harvest season, comprising two leavened loaves made of the new wheat. These were waved before the altar and then given to the priests."—Talmage.

Fourth Sunday, April 24, 1921

Lesson 12. Peter and John Arrested

References: Acts 3, 4, 5:1-12.

Aim: The Spirit of God casts out fear and develops strength of character.

I. Peter Interrupted.

1. By whom.

II. Peter and John in Custody.

1. Imprisonment.
 - (a) Their probable feelings.
 - (1) Reasons.
2. Before the council.
 - (a) Peter's valiant defense.

III. Again with the Saints.

1. Prayer of thanksgiving.

IV. A Divine Rebuke.

1. Sin of lying.

Note.—"Having all things in Common."

As referred to in our lesson, this was an ideal condition that existed in the Church, and was an evidence of the perfect unity sustained by the members. No sacrifice was too great, even to the giving of everything that each one possessed into a common fund. This course led to perfect unity in spiritual affairs and was a condition similar to that which existed centuries before in the City of Enoch.

The law of Tithing is another similar law but does not require the giving of all. If it is lived faithfully one cannot help but partake of that spirit of sacrifice which will bring greater unity among the people of God.

Advanced Theological

LESSONS FOR APRIL

Text: "A New Witness for God," Vol. III. (Roberts)

First Sunday, April 3, 1921

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Text: Why do I believe that the Holy Priesthood has been restored? (See Superintendents' Department, p. 73.)

Second Sunday, April 10, 1921

Lesson 11. The Fall of Man

Chapter XL.

- I. The reason for Adam's fall.
 1. Biblical authority.
 2. Christian authority.
 3. Book of Mormon authority.
- II. The purpose of Man's existence.
 1. Biblical authority.
 2. Christian authority.
 3. Book of Mormon authority.
- III. Man—an immortal spirit.
- IV. Free agency.
- V. Atonement.
- VI. Summary.

Third Sunday, April 17, 1921

Lesson 12. Evidence of Prophecy

Chapter XLI

- I. Testimony to be given by the Holy Ghost.
- II. Men shall have the gift and power of the Holy Ghost.
- III. Three witnesses of the Book of Mormon predicted.
- IV. The blood of the Saints to cry from the ground.
- V. The word to hiss forth.
- VI. Lost books foretold.
- VII. No Gentile king to prosper in America.

Fourth Sunday, April 24, 1921

Lesson 13. Prophecy (Continued.)

- I. By Nephi.

Read the summary of his prophecies.
- II. Many shall believe the words of the book.
- III. The book to be carried to the American Indians and make them rejoice.
- IV. Jews shall begin to believe in Christ and begin to gather.
- V. The work of the Lord to commence among all nations.
- VI. Signs of the modern world's awakening.
- VII. Conditional prophecies.

The Man who Wins

The man who wins is the man who works—
 The man who toils while the next man shirks;
 The man who stands in his deep distress
 With his head held high in the deadly press—
 Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
 In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
 And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then—
 Ah, he is the man who wins!

—Baltimore News.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

*Harold G. Reynolds, Chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks.
T. Albert Hooper and Alfred C. Rees*

First Year - Church History

LESSONS FOR APRIL

First Sunday, April 3, 1921

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Text: Why do I believe that the Holy Priesthood has been restored? (See Superintendents' Department, p. 73.)

Second Sunday, April 10, 1921

Lesson II.

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folk's History of the Church," chapter 11.

Teachers' References: "History of the Church," volume 1, chapter 12; "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 124 to 134.

Suggestive Outline

- I. The removal of the Church.
 1. Rigdon and Partridge visit the Prophet.
 2. Commandment to gather in Ohio. (Doc. and Cov. 37 and 30.)
 3. The Prophet Joseph goes to Kirtland.
 - (1) Calls on Newel K. Whitney.
- II. Reasons for movement westward.
 1. Opposition by enemies.
 2. Growth of the Church in Ohio.
 3. The Lord's command.
 4. Larger field for development.

In December, 1830, the Prophet Joseph was attending a meeting of the Saints held at the home of his parents. They had moved from Manchester and were now living in a little place called Waterloo, near Fayette. At the conclusion of the Prophet's discourse, he gave anyone who desired the privilege of asking questions. A stranger who had been to Manchester to make inquiries about the Smith family arose. He said he found that the family had a good reputation until Joseph proclaimed his vision. He found everything about the Smith farm in good order, which showed care and industry. These things, together with what he had learned concerning the restoration of the Gospel and the revelations of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith made a good impression upon this gentleman. He asked to be baptized. This was Edward Partridge, whose home was in Kirtland,

Ohio, and who had come with Sidney Rigdon to meet the prophet. The Lord made known His mind and will concerning these two men.

A revelation was given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in which the Saints were enjoined to move to Ohio. In a conference, held at Fayette, the prophet gave instructions to the Saints to make arrangements for their removal to Ohio. Other branches of the Church moved there. While the prophet and his associates were on their way to Kirtland they met the Colesville branch, numbering about 60, lead by Thomas B. Marsh.

Have the pupils relate the visit of the prophet to Kirtland and his meeting Newel K. Whitney.

Various explanations have been offered why the Church moved westward to Ohio. Some anti-"Mormon" writers would have us believe that it was fear and cowardice in the Prophet that dictated the movement. Few men have exhibited more courage, physical and moral than the Prophet Joseph Smith. Doubtless the first thing that turned Joseph's thoughts to Ohio was the success the Lamanite missionaries were having in the neighborhood of Kirtland. They had established several branches of the Church, and doubtless in a few months there would be more members in Ohio than in the state of New York. Added to this was the indication that in the vicinity of Fayette there would be persecutions. Finally, the word of the Lord was received, directing the whole Church to move to Ohio.

In this lesson we are introduced to three men who became very prominent in the Church namely: Orson Pratt, Sidney Rigdon and Thomas B. Marsh.

In Jensen's Biographical Encyclopedia can be found sketches of the lives of these men.

Third Sunday, April 17, 1921

Lesson 12. Church History

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter 12.

Teachers' References: "History of the Church," volume 1, pages 188-199 and "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 135-149.

Review briefly the mission of Parley P. Pratt and his associates among the Lamanites in Missouri.

Suggestive topics for outline

- I. The Saints interest in Zion.
- II. Revealing of the central place of Zion.
(See Doc. and Cov. 28, 29, 42 and 49 and 52.)
- III. Founding of Zion.
- IV. Dedication of land of Zion and Temple site.

From the beginning of the organization of the Church the term "Zion" and "New Jerusalem" had a peculiar charm to the Latter-day Saints. They had read in the Book of Mormon that the "New Jerusalem" should be built upon this continent.

In September, 1830 the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph that "Zion" the "New Jerusalem" should be built on the boundaries of the Lamanites.

In June, 1831, after a conference at Kirtland the Prophet received a revelation appointing the next conference to be held in Missouri.

The whole of America is the land of Zion, as this is the Promised Land to which Lehi was led to, but in Jackson County the "New Jerusalem" shall be the city of Zion.

Discuss with the pupils the preparations which would be necessary to make to move from Ohio to Missouri and the sacrifices they would be required to make.

Locate Missouri and Jackson County on the map. (See map on page 59 in pupils' text.)

"This part of Missouri, at this time, had been recently released from Indian ownership, situated on the frontiers of the Union. Jackson County was very sparsely inhabited mostly by people from the South. Their houses were log huts, generally with a dirt floor, and a mud plastered chimney, with a window without glass. A fire place with skillet and kettle supplied the place of a well-kept stove. Corn was the principal grain food and wild game supplied most of the meat. Wild animals furnished clothing as well as food. The buffalo, elk, deer, bear, wolf, beaver, and a variety of wild fowl abounded in the unsettled parts. The soil was exceedingly fertile and yielded abundantly. Under these conditions the Saints made their home in the central-place of Zion, and commenced building houses, tilling the soil, and establishing themselves in the center place of Zion."

Note the pledges made by the Saints to keep the laws and commandments of the Lord. In the Book of Ether, Book of Mormon, we read that "whosoever should possess this land of promise from

that time henceforth and forever, should serve Him the One and Living God."

The pledges made by the Saints in Missouri apply equally to every Latter-day Saint boy and girl. How can we make this land indeed a land of Zion, the Promised Land.

Fourth Sunday, April 24, 1921

Lesson 13. Church History

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter 13.

Teachers' References: "History of the Church," volume 1, chapters 27 and 28. "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 166-178.

Suggestive Outline

- I. The Missourians.
 1. Their character.
 - (1) Mostly from the South.
 2. Their social and intellectual life.
 3. Their jealousy and superstition.
 4. Slave holders.
 5. Their political fears.
- II. The Latter-day Saints.
 1. Their character.
 - (1) Were mainly from New England.
 2. Their faith in God and religious ideals.
 - (1) Pledges taken when land of Zion was dedicated.
 3. Their love for education.
 - (1) Organized schools.
 4. Their industry.
 - (1) Building homes and towns.
- III. Indications of trouble.
 1. Hatred against the Saints.
 2. Secret constitution.
 3. Charges made against the Saints.
 - a. Claimed to receive revelation.
 - b. Claimed to heal the sick and speak in tongues.
 - c. Claimed that God had given them Jackson County.
 - d. Claimed interference in the slave question.
- IV. Persecution of the Saints.
 1. Bitterness of mob.
 - a. How manifested in the meeting.
 - b. In the destruction of printing press.
 - c. Edward Partridge and Charles Allen.
 2. Some of the threats.
 3. The mob's attack.
 - a. On the "Big Blue."
 - b. At Independence.
 4. Saints appeal to the Governor.
 - a. His reply.
 5. Lawyers employed.

6. Mob attacks Independence again.
 - a. The destruction.
 - b. Men taken before Justice of the Peace.

The hatred against the Saints by the Missourians was for selfish motives, because of their industry; on account of their belief in the slave question; because of the fear that the Saints would outnumber them and gain political power.

The document which was circulated by the non-"Mormons" written by a Sectarian, was signed by the jailor, county clerk, the deputy, the Indian agent, the postmaster of Independence, the Justice of the Peace, the Constable and his deputy, and many other people.

These men holding political position were fearful that they would not be re-elected as the "Mormons" would outnumber them at the polls, as there was such an influx of the Saints into Jackson County.

This document declared that since the arm of the civil law did not offer them sufficient protection against the evil of having the "Mormons" among them the signers intended to rid themselves of the society of these objectionable persons, peacefully if they could, forcibly if they must.

Read the charges the Missourians made against the Saints.

It is true that the Saints were mostly poor, which was the condition of most of the people in that country, but they were thrifty and industrious.

With regard to obtaining the land, the Saints never attempted to obtain same without purchasing the land. In the matter of the slaves, this was no doubt trumped up to arouse bitterness against the Saints.

The Latter-day Saints did not commit any offense in settling in Jackson County or any part of the United States as long as they kept the laws of the land. They were not law breakers, as shown in the so-called "constitution," declaring that the civil law did not offer them sufficient protection against the evil of having the "Mormons" among them, and that they intended to get rid of them peacefully or by force.

Point out in this lesson the character of the Saints, where they mostly came from, and their ambitions. Also the character of the Missourians, where they originated from.

The Saints endured the persecutions for they knew their cause was right.

Third Year—What it means to be a Mormon

Lesson Suggestions by T. Albert Hooper

LESSONS FOR APRIL

First Sunday, April 3, 1921

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Text: Why do I believe that the Holy Priesthood has been restored? (See Superintendents' Department, p. 73.)

Second Sunday, April 10, 1921

Lesson 11. Joseph Smith

Text: "What It Means to be a Mormon," chapter 11. The teacher will find much helpful information in Robert's New Witness For God, Vol. 1, chapter 10 to 31.

Have the class read the following passages from the Book of Mormon, 2nd Nephi 4:1; 2nd Nephi 3:6-7, 14-15.

Consider the topics at the end of the chapter in your text book. Your lesson can be made more impressive if you will arrange with your chorister to have the school sing "Joseph Smith's First Prayer."

Third Sunday, April 17, 1921

Lesson 12. In God's Service

Text: Chapter 12.

Nothing of more importance to the world ever happened than the event discussed in this chapter. The teacher should try to impress this upon the pupils.

Discuss the difference between the declaration of Martin Luther and that of Joseph Smith as to their authority in the establishment of the work they did.

Wherein does the Church organized through Joseph Smith differ from those organized by the reformers?

Who directed the former? Who directed the latter? Who gave the names to the reformed churches? Who gave the name to the Church organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith? See Doctrine and Covenants, Section 115, 4th verse.

The pupils will get much help from The History of Joseph Smith by himself; a brief story of his life and the organization of the Church, price 25c.

Fourth Sunday, April 24, 1921

Lesson 13. Faith in God

Text: Chapter 13 of the Text.
What is Faith? See Hebrews 11:1.

Have the class also read the following scripture passages: Hebrews 11:6; First lecture on Faith in Doctrine and Covenants 1st and 9th verses; Third Nephi 28:1-31.

Ask members of the class to ask parents and other older members of the ward to tell them of incidents wherein great faith was manifested.

Get your class to attend the next fast

meeting in a body with you. The bishop might be asked to suggest that testimonies be borne which will bear out the subjects of this and the next three lessons.

Always remember that no lesson can become vital to a child until it becomes a part of his life. Many things within the experience of your class can be related to bring these lessons home.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

George M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows, John W. Walker

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR APRIL

First Sunday, April 3, 1921

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Text: Why do I believe that the Holy Priesthood has been restored? (See Superintendents' Department, p. 73.)

Second Sunday, April 10, 1921

Lesson 11. The King who Worked for His Living

Text: Words of Mormon. Mosiah 1-6.

1. King Benjamin.
 - a. Parentage and birth.
 - b. His godly, exemplary life.
 - c. Succeeded his father as king.
2. King Benjamin Organizes an Army.
 - a. For defense.
 - b. Equipment.
3. The Alarm of War.
 - a. The Lamanites send an army to Zarahemla.
 - b. The Nephites go forth to meet the foe.
 - c. King Benjamin's address to his soldiers.
 - d. A terrible battle.
 - e. The Nephites victorious.
 - f. The victory celebrated.
4. King Benjamin's Proclamation.
 - a. King Benjamin calls an assembly of his people.
 - b. The Nephites gather at the temple.
 - c. The Nephites offer sacrifices.
5. King Benjamin Preaches from a Tower.
 - a. His discourse.
 - b. His exhortation to the people to love and serve each other.
 - c. He delivers to the people the mes-

sage that was brought him by an angel.

6. Remarkable Manifestation of the Power of God.
 - a. The people overcome by the power of God.
 - b. Their prayer to God for forgiveness of their sins.
 - c. The answer they received.
7. The Nephites Covenant to Serve the Lord.
 - a. The Nephites express implicit faith in the words of their king and prophet.
 - b. They tell about the great change that has been wrought in their hearts.
 - c. They enter into a covenant to serve the Lord all the days of their life.
8. Mosiah Anointed King.
 - a. Benjamin consecrates his son Mosiah king over the people of Zarahemla.
 - b. Benjamin appoints priests to teach the people.
 - c. The people return to their homes.

Third Sunday, April 17, 1921

Lesson 12. The Man Who Would Have His Own Way

Text: Mosiah 9-10.

1. The Nephites and the Lamanites.
 - a. Battle between the Lamanites and the Nephites.
 - b. The Nephites gain the victory.
 - c. The Lamanites beaten but not conquered.
 - d. The Nephites send out spies.
2. What Happened Through Zeniff's Disobedience.
 - a. Zeniff, a man of strong and stubborn will.
 - b. Instructions given to Zeniff.

- c. Result of Zeniff's disobedience.
- 3. Zeniff and His Followers in the Land of Nephii.
 - a. Zeniff's treaty with King Laman.
 - b. Zeniff and his followers established in the land of Nephii.
 - c. Twelve years of peace and prosperity.
- 4. Sad Experience for the People of Zeniff.
 - a. The Lamanites attack a Nephite settlement.
 - b. Destructive wars.
 - c. Death of Zeniff.
 - d. What we may learn from his life.

- b. The prophet imprisoned.
- c. Abinadi reproves King Noah and his priests.
- d. The Lord manifests His power in behalf of the prophet.
- 5. Abinadi Condemned to Death.
 - a. Abinadi finishes his message.
 - b. He is threatened with death if he refuses to recall his words.
 - c. The prophet remains firm and seals his testimony with his life.

Third Year—Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR APRIL

[Suggestions by George M. Cannon]

First Sunday, April 3, 1921

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Text: Why do I believe that the Holy Priesthood has been restored? (See Superintendents' Department, p. 73.)

Second Sunday, April 10, 1921

Chapters XIX and XX in our text book; the subjects, The Healing of a Nobleman's Son, and Rejected at Nazareth. See John 4:43-54 and Mark 6:1-6; Luke 4:23; John 4:44.

Third Sunday, April 17, 1921

Chapter XXI of the text book, the Pool of Bethesda, see John, chapter 5.

Fourth Sunday, April 24, 1921

Chapter XXII of the text book, "Draught of Fishes."

Fourth Sunday, April 20, 1921

Lesson 13. The Man Who Gave His Life for the Truth

Text: Mosiah 11-19.

- 1. A Wicked Nephite King.
 - a. King Noah, the son of Zeniff.
 - b. His wicked and ungodly life.
 - c. His cruel tax.
 - d. The holy temple defiled.
- 2. Another War.
 - a. Battle between the Lamanites and the Nephites.
 - b. The victors indulge in boasting.
- 3. The Lord Sends a Prophet to Call Noah and His People to Repentance.
 - a. Abinadi reproves King Noah and his priests and calls them to repentance.
 - b. Noah becomes angry and threatens to take the life of the prophet.
 - c. The Lord delivers His servant.
- 4. Abinadi's Second Warning.
 - a. Abinadi's prophecies concerning Noah and his people.

Lincoln's Promise

While a member of Congress, Abraham Lincoln was once criticized by a friend for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host. The friend said to him:

"There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to the use of wine."

"I meant no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln: "but I promised my precious mother, only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it."

"But," the friend continued, "there is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement."

"A promise is a promise forever," answered Lincoln, "and when made to a mother it is doubly binding."—Selected.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Chas. B. Felt, chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence S. Horne,
Bessie F. Foster and Mabel Cook

First Sunday, April 3, 1921

The Uniform Lesson for this day is in effect: "Why I believe that God has restored the Holy Priesthood" concerning which valuable suggestions are given in the Superintendents Department which please read and study carefully. For your information as to what the children of your class have been given pertinent to the subject we refer you to Lessons 65 and 66 of the Kindergarten course (October lessons) which teachers of that department will be glad to show you. The children should have been told that the Lord called men to the ministry, among them being Peter and James and John, to whom He gave power to heal the sick, cause the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and to act in His name, which is priesthood authority. That the three men named were sent back to earth hundreds of years after they served under the Lord Jesus on the earth, and ordained Joseph Smith to that same priesthood, so that Joseph and all men ordained by or under him can and do baptize, lay on hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost, administer the sacrament, bless the sick, go on missions, preside over wards as bishops, etc. Because of these things and many other

blessings we have seen and received through men holding the priesthood, we verily "believe that God has restored the Holy Priesthood."

After bringing this splendid thought to your children, take up the regular lesson as follows:

Lesson 13. "The Man Who Knew the Future."

Text: Gen. 39, 40, 41.

Reference: Our "Stories from the Old Testament."

Second Sunday, April 10, 1921

Lesson 14. "The Dreams Fulfilled."

Text: Gen. 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47:1-13.

References: Our "Stories from the Old Testament."

Third Sunday, April 17, 1921

Lesson 15. "A Cradle in a River"

Text: Exodus 1, 2:1-10.

Reference: Our "Stories from the Old Testament."

We suggest the use of the sweet little song which follows "All Through the Night" in connection with this story, emphasizing as it does the love of mother, her vigil and God's protecting care.

All Through the Night



1. Sleep, my babe, be still in slumber All through the night;
2. God is here thou'lt not be lonely, All through the night,



Guarding angels God will lend thee, All through the night.
'Tis not I that guard thee on - ly, All through the night,



Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
Night's dark shades will soon be o - ver, Still my watchful care will ho - ver,



Mother dear her watch is keeping, All through the night.
God with me his watch is keeping, All through the night.

Fourth Sunday, April 24, 1921

Lesson 16. "A Mighty Leader"

Text: Exodus 3, 4.

Reference: Our "Stories from the Old Testament."

HOW TO PLAN A LESSON

Some Fundamentals:

The aim of the Sunday School is to make Latter-day Saints of its members in faith, knowledge and practice.

The spiritual predominating the aid of the Holy Spirit is an absolute necessity.

You must know your children.

The story is a means, not an end.

"The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." As we are to teach the things of God, we must have the aid of His Spirit or we shall fail in both plan and presentation. As the first step in the planning of a lesson, call upon the Lord in fervent prayer.

Aim: The text is given—a text applicable to adults, which we must adapt to our children. Study it first to determine the most important truth it carries and let it be one aim rather than many, and fitted to the particular needs of our class. See that it has a condition and a result.

Outline: Read the text again to determine how best it can be made to develop the chosen aim, jotting down under appropriate headings—topics and sub-topics—the events of the story leading from the lesser to the greater and climaxing with the aim. Each topic would point to and gradually develop the aim. Do not feel satisfied unless you are sure the children, listening to the story, shall be prepared to and shall discover the aim when the climax shall have been reached, and when so discovered shall feel they have found something for themselves and find joy in its possession.

Do not feel bound to follow the exact course of events as given in the text, but, while avoiding any misrepresentation of it, take the liberty of the story-teller that will strengthen the telling.

When such an outline is completed and satisfies you that it is adapted to your children, is logical and develops the chosen aim, you will find your preparation of facts is also accomplished.

Memory Gem: Select a memory gem indicative of the aim preferable from the text so the children may become familiar with the beautiful literature of the Bible.

Title: The choosing of a title is important for interest can be aroused or the reverse may follow. A moment's thought in comparing the following titles

will convey our meaning. "Our story today is about a little boy named 'Samuel.'" Or "we are going to talk about 'a little boy to whom God spoke.'" The first is not apt to excite any interest in the child's mind, while the other is almost sure to. Where the title can be made to point to the aim it will strengthen the unity of the lesson and accomplish a double purpose.

Point of Contact: We must now determine how to introduce the new story, the new truth, how to make the "point of contact." Let the thought in this be as "between the child's experience and the spiritual truth" rather than as seems to satisfy some teachers, the "making the mental picture more vivid." For instance let us suppose our aim in the story of "A Little Boy to Whom God Spoke" is "Our Heavenly Father's Spirit guides those who love Him, in paths of safety." We might begin by asking about temples or places of worship the children have seen? This might prepare the child for the mental picture of the place and Samuel's surroundings, but not so much for the spiritual truth. What would be the effect if we should ask if the child has ever been alone? Did he feel alone? Was he really alone? Bring out the thought that God's Spirit is always with us, and how, when we are doing right or have good thoughts, we feel its presence, but how wrong thoughts keep us from listening to Him. Why do we close our eyes in prayer? All these things not only help the child to understand the facts of the story but to feel the spiritual truth.

Never forget that the new must be introduced through the old—"from the known to the unknown," and fail not to make this contact whether it be by well-planned questions (probably the better way) or by anecdote or brief story along lines familiar to the child. As to the latter, questions are still necessary to determine that the point of contact has been made. Do not make the mistake of permitting the introduction to overshadow the lesson story.

The Story: For the story to be a real one to the child there must be speaking people who lived upon our earth under conditions somewhat similar to our own or comparable therewith, so we must make a lesson-setting for which we must, in most cases, go to other sources of information that our Bible text which is usually meagre in these respects. Supplementary reading is very necessary to our success, and fortunately our public if not our school libraries abound with

works of travel, history, geography, etc., to fill our needs in this connection. Bear in mind these are but means and must be secondary to the lesson purport.

Memory Gem and Picture: Note the psychological place for the introduction of the memory gem and the picture, and so prepare that when thus introduced they shall be made so impressive that when the child thereafter hears the gem or sees the picture, the story itself with its uplifting thought shall be brought to his mind.

Application. Our effort thus far has been to make impressions—our aim, however, is to bring about expression. While we may feel that our children will have discovered the aim of the lesson, our greatest problem is still before us—how can we lead them to express that aim, that principle of action, in their lives? The story should have “added something to the vital powers of the child’s soul, enlarged and enriched his spiritual experience” and now we must “stimulate healthy reaction upon it.”

Oftimes a question or two will accomplish this, leading the child to discover how the lesson truth can be applied in his life. Let us not forget that a beautiful truth may be belittled by trying to reduce it to its lowest term. But we must never consider our preparation complete until we have a definite plan in mind for the making of the application.

Songs: Give careful thought and make exhaustive research for appropriate songs, songs that will emphasize last Sunday’s lesson and today’s. Then when the class period is ended we can feel that our day’s work has been harmonious and forceful, without a discordant note or step, and can answer that question in the affirmative that each teacher should ask herself at the close of each such period: “Have I done the best that I could today?”

Correlation: It is well to keep the thought of correlation in mind as another step towards the climax of our

story. Correlation deals with contributions which the child can make from previously acquired knowledge and especially from lessons of similar import or as to fact conveying a similar thought.

Review: Of course we shall always review the former story and in our preparation include well thought out questions that shall test the children’s comprehension of fact, and, as still more important, his grasp of the truth and the use to be made of it.

And we should lay out a plan for getting today’s story back from the children that we may clear away misconceptions, rivet more firmly the facts of the story and satisfy ourselves that our story has reached its mark and made impressions upon the plastic souls of our children. Let us study the art of questioning, which can become almost a fairy wand to accomplish the results we seek.

Illustration. Some teachers feel that an illustrative story is necessary, and, when it is difficult to bring the Bible story with its strange conditions and environments to the child’s experience and cause him to discover the truth sought to be conveyed by it, a story of today carrying the same thought or message may help materially; but it seems to us that as a rule this should be used in a preparatory way rather than following the Bible story, as we think it stronger to begin with their own experience and lead to the spiritual truth and leave them with the uplifting thought and Spiritual impetus the Bible story should give. However, let us not lose sight of the desirability of illustrations such as pictures, maps, brief incidents and short stories calculated to make the lesson truth more vivid and drive it home to the experience of the child.

The Composite Plan: With preparation or the planning of a lesson along these lines by each member of our primary corps, the fourth meeting of the Teacher-Training class for the month will become a joy and great blessing.

Chas. B. Felt.

The Wonderful Something

There’s a something that maketh a palace

Out of four little walls and a prayer;
A something that seeth a garden

In one little flower that is fair;

That turneth two hearts to one purpose
And maketh one heart of two;

That smiles when the sky is a gray one
And smiles when the sky is blue.

Without it no garden hath fragrance,
Though it beholdeth the wide world’s
blooms;

Without it, no garden hath fragrance,
With cells for banqueting-rooms—

This something that halloweth sorrow
And stealth the sting from care;

This something that maketh a palace

Out of four little walls and a prayer.

—Classmate.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by and Ina Johnson

First Year

First Sunday, April 3, 1921

Fast Day Exercises

Subject: The power of the Elders in blessing the sick and afflicted.

Story: How Elizabeth was healed.

It was a beautiful day in April. Miss Plare and her class had planned a trip out to the fields. Every one was present except Elizabeth. Miss Plare inquired but no one seemed to know anything about her. She was there the day before but was not feeling very well.

That night Miss Plare called up her home. Poor Elizabeth was very ill. The doctor said she must go to the hospital and be operated on at once. She was taken to the hospital but when she reached there she was so weak they could not operate. Days went by and she kept getting weaker. Four other doctors were called in. They shook their heads and said she was too far gone to do anything. She could not possibly last another day. So she was taken home to die. Her mother, father, brother, and sisters and all of her friends fasted and prayed and they sent for the elders, men who held the Priesthood. The elders administered to her and she was healed, and today is well and happy.

Suggestions

Lead children to see the value of the power of the Priesthood.

Teachers read "A Testimony," by Martha Hunsicker in the "Juvenile Instructor," March, 1919, page 117.

Second Sunday, April 10, 1921

"Jesus and the Children"

Text: Matt. 19:13-15. Mark 10:13-16. Luke 18:15-17.

Aim: To show Jesus' love for children.

Suggestions to teachers. Stimulate the child from the known to the un-

known: by talking about babies and little children in the home. How much mother and father love their little ones. But there is One who loves them even more than parents do.

Teachers sing at the close of lesson, "I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old," or "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam."

Children sing, "Jesus Once Was a Little Child."

Third Sunday, April 17, 1921

The Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem

Text: Matt. 21:1-16; Mark 11:1-11; Luke 19:28-40; John 12:12-16.

Aim: One way that we can show love for Jesus is to sing songs of praise to Him in remembrance of what He has done for us.

Suggestions: Lead children to see the returning of the leaves on the trees from the leaf buds. When the leaves are out how we enjoy being sheltered by them. At the close of lesson have the teachers sing to the class, "Marching Homeward," S. S. S. Book, page 78.

Fourth Sunday, April 24, 1921

The Good Shepherd

Text: John 10:1-17.

Aim: Jesus the Good Shepherd loves and cares for His sheep and it is through Him that they shall have Eternal Life.

Suggestions: Lead the child to talk about sheep. The man who owns them. His care and love for them. There is another man who has sheep that is he calls them sheep and sometimes lambs. This shepherd loves His sheep even more than the shepherd we know. This Good Shepherd is not near his sheep in person but is near them ready to help and care for them, and He is always watching over them. At the close of lesson have children sing.

Cut the picture of "The Good Shepherd" out of this number to use in class.

Kate Douglas Wiggin advocates the kindergarten as a type of education which "symmetrically develops the child's powers, considering him neither as all mind, all soul, nor all body, but as a creature of devout feeling, clear thinking, noble doing."

Commissioner Claxton says, "The kindergarten should be a part of the public school system of every city, town and village in the country."

Children's Section



Elf and Fairy Folk

V. THE ELF OF CURIOSITY

By Ruth Moench Bell

Dorothy Elinor sat down again under her apple tree. The "Elf Tree" she called it now. She meant to have some fun with those Elves and tease them a little. That is, if any should come to her.

She made up her mind not to watch but just to pretend she didn't care to see one. She even decided not to look up even if one should tickle her on the nose—or sit on her forehead and slide down to her chin. She would act as if she didn't know a thing about it.

Dorothy Elinor shut her eyes tight. She felt very sleepy but she would not let herself go to sleep. She waited and waited.

Not a single Elf came. It was very disappointing. Pretty soon she opened her eyes. Not an Elf in sight! Everything was just as before.

"Oh, what was that! Dorothy Elinor spied a small brown ball. What could it be? It was not fuzzy like a rolled up caterpillar. It was not a nut or an acorn. It was not in the least like anything Dorothy Elinor had ever seen before.

It looked like a ball of brown cloth. Dorothy Elinor grew very curious. She went over and poked it. Over it rolled. And then she saw two little brown legs with yellow shoes.

There was no head. At least she could not see one. "How very strange," she thought. She grew more curious. She took hold of the legs and pulled and down they came. Then you should have heard her laugh.

It was an Elf as sure as could be. He had put his legs up over his head and rolled himself all up like a ball.

Still he kept his face down. Dorothy Elinor could only see the back of his cute, little, brown, curly head. She did wonder what his face was like.

"Won't you please look up?" she asked. He made no move. She did not wish to be too familiar and offend him. Still she felt as though she must see that face.

Dorothy Elinor stooped over and slipped her hand under his chin and lifted it.

"Oh, she almost screamed. Then wasn't she glad the Elf of Candor was not with her! It would have been shocking to say out loud what she really thought.

That Elf had the longest nose you ever saw. At first Dorothy thought it must be a pipe. It was so long and so pointed. It looked very funny. The boys would surely have called him "Nosey." And that made her wonder what his name was. She wondered so hard it almost hurt.

Dorothy thought to herself, "I could say, 'I wonder if your name is as funny as Oglewogledoddlekins.' That wouldn't be asking and it would show him that I can remember those awful Elf names. Besides it would give him a good hint to tell me."

Dorothy Elinor was really very proud that she could remember Oglewogledoddlekins. She practiced it before she went to sleep. She said "Oglewogledoddlekins," "Ogle-wogledoddle-kins" over and over

It sounded as if she were gurgling. Blanchette ran in and shook her. "Whatever is the matter, child," she cried. "I thought you were strangling."

And it certainly did sound that way. You try it sometime and see.

Dorothy Elinor waited for the Elf to tell his name. But he wouldn't. So she tried her scheme.

"I don't suppose your name is half as long as Ogle-wogle-doddle-kins," she said.

"Maybe it isn't," he replied, "but my nose is ever so much longer."

Dorothy wondered how he could be proud of such a frightful nose. It almost touched the floor. Still he hadn't said a word about his name. She was really suffering to find out. Dorothy Elinor was just that kind.

Pretty soon the Elf said, "It's getting longer and longer."

"What is," asked Dorothy, "your name?"

"Ho! Ho! Of course not," he laughed, "your nose."

"My nose?" she put her hand up in dismay. It was. Her nose was actually growing. It was almost down to her mouth. There was only the least little bit of her upper lip left. The nose nearly covered it.

"Oh," Dorothy wailed. "Oh, what have you done?"

"Ho! Ho! I didn't do it," laughed the Elf. "You did it yourself."

"Did it myself," Dorothy cried, "how could I?"

"Ho! Ho! Just the same as I did," he laughed. "My, it's getting beautiful."

"But what have I done?" groaned Dorothy.

"That's the way," he laughed. "Keep it up. It's doing fine."

"Oh, please tell me, please tell me so I can quit."

"I don't want you to quit," he cried. "That would spoil my fun."

Dorothy was getting quite out of patience.

"Well, at least tell me what your name is and quit snooping about so."

"You said it yourself," he roared. And then he poked his nose into a mouse hole to see what was inside.

Dorothy frowned at him. Her nose was growing so fast it made her very cross.

"You are just a bunch of curiosity."

The Elf only laughed. "You said it again. You're getting warmer."

By that time they had reached the house. To Dorothy's surprise the Elf poked his nose into the key-hole. Out fell the key on the other side. Into the key-hole he crawled, making himself smaller to do it.

When Dorothy opened the door and looked in he was scrambling down on the other side. And in less than a second he had his nose into something. He was trying to find out what was at the bottom of a vase of flowers. Dorothy Elinor was out of patience with him.

"I should think," she cried, "you'd be satisfied looking at the flowers and not have to poke your nose way down into the water."

Just then she spied a parcel on the table. She forgot that her mama had forbidden her to open parcels and so she began untying the string.

"I should think you'd be satisfied looking at the outside and not have to poke your nose into the parcel," laughed the Elf.

Off came the paper and Dorothy saw her nose. For the parcel was a gilt hand-mirror.

"Oh," wailed Dorothy, "Oh, look at my nose."

"Isn't it handsome?" said the Elf.

"No, it isn't," she snapped. "Now I know what you are. You are the Elf of Curiosity. And I know how you got your long nose. It's because you go snooping it into everything. I shall never be curious. My nose is spoiled now."

For answer the Elf only laughed and began creeping outside through the key-hole. Dorothy Elinor opened the door to see why he was going out. And there in front of the house was her Uncle John's horse and cart.

Now Dorothy had often wondered

how it would seem to ride in one. She knew how it felt to play ride in one. She tried that once. She had propped the shafts up on to a tree and climbed in, and when she was almost in the old cart shafts flew up and down went Dorothy Elinor on to the back of her head. She couldn't cry because her mama called out, "Oh, Dorothy did you upset the apple cart?" And that had made her laugh.

Dorothy Elinor knew her Uncle John never tied his horse. It was so gentle. She ran out with Snooper. That was the Elf's name, Snooper. Dorothy Elinor found out afterwards. They thought it was a shame to give him a long name when he had such a long nose. So they just called him Snooper.

"I suppose they'll cut the Elinor off my name when they see my nose," thought Dorothy.

She climbed into the cart and Snooper sat on the horse's tail. Every time the horse switched his tail or shook it up and down Snooper would shout with joy.

Dorothy Elinor took hold of the reins and then Old Baldy acted very strange. Perhaps he wasn't used to a little girl driving him. Round and round he went in a circle just like a merry-go-round.

Snooper had what he called a "galuptious" time until Old Baldy went to brush a fly off her side and off rolled Snooper instead. By that time Dorothy was getting rather dizzy and yelled.

"Help! Help!"

Out ran her mama and her Uncle John. And Uncle John laughed so hard he had to lean against the fence.

"Let go of the reins," he shouted. "You're pulling the wrong one."

Dorothy dropped the reins and Old Baldy stood still. She wasn't quite sure but as she started off to school Dorothy Elinor thought she heard her Uncle John say, "She doesn't get that nose from the Masons."

Dorothy knew from whom she got it. She got it from the Elf of Curiosity and she tried to turn her nose up at him. It was so big and heavy it wouldn't go up. She'd have had to use her hand to lift it.

Dorothy Elinor hurried along to school. And though Snooper snooped into everything on the way he somehow got there first. When she arrived he had already snooped into everything in the room.

He had even snooped into the teacher's ink-well and got his nose all black. Oh, how the children laughed at this new Elf of Dorothy's! While they were laughing he snooped into Bessie Hunter's lunch-box. And when he brought his nose out it was covered with strawberry jam.

Dorothy Elinor only got into trouble once but that added almost a fairy inch to her nose. She had often seen the teacher sharpen her pencil with a little round sharpener and watched the tiny shavings drop out of a little hole in it.

At recess when the teacher sent her in for something from her desk Dorothy spied the pencil sharpener. She wondered and wondered how it worked. First thing she knew, in went her finger and she was about to give it a turn when the teacher came in.

"Oh, Dorothy Elinor," she cried, "don't, dear, you'll cut your finger." Then she added smilingly as she laid her hand on Dorothy's head, "My what a bump of curiosity some little girls have."

Dorothy Elinor wanted to say it was not a bump of curiosity; it was an Elf of Curiosity.

How she did try not to be curious for the rest of that day. But she forgot just once more and that brought her nose right down over her mouth.

She went into the kitchen for a glass of water when she came home from school and there were the groceries all wrapped up on the table. Dorothy

never could resist unwrapping parcels. She took off one paper. There was a small can. She spelled the biggest word, "C-l-o-v-e-s."

"Oh, Cloves," cried Dorothy. "That's what makes spiced cookies so good."

Off came the lid. Into the can slid Dorothy's tongue. My! such a burnt tongue! If Dorothy had only known. Her mamma used only a little in a lot of cookies. And there her tongue was covered. Even water wouldn't cool it.

To make matters worse she passed the mirror and caught sight of her nose.

"Oh, I can't kiss my papa good-night," she moaned.

Dorothy Elinor threw herself down on the floor and cried and cried. Snooper was so frightened at seeing a little girl cry he crept through the key-hole and scampered for Elf Land as fast as he could go.

But Dorothy didn't notice. First she cried because her tongue burned so. Then she cried because her nose was so long she couldn't kiss her papa.

"Oh, what will papa say," she sobbed. Just then something touched her cheek. She thought it was Snooper. She dried her eyes and sat up. She meant to scold him good for her misfortune.

When Dorothy raised her eyes she gasped with delight. Instead of Snooper there was the loveliest fairy by her side. Tiny as a flower she was with a dress of light purple so feathery and soft.

Dorothy forgot her long nose and her burned tongue as she gazed at this lovely creature. Oh, how dainty and sweet she was.

"I am the fairy Imagination," she said so gently. "Cleoma is my name."

"I saw some beautiful wild flowers once," Dorothy exclaimed in rapture. "They were just like you. There were ever so many of them growing

near the mountains. Uncle Tom said they were the Cleoma."

"I get my name from them, dear," smiled the fairy. She was pleased that Dorothy Elinor had seen the flowers and remembered the name. "And I have all my frocks made to resemble that flower."

"How lovely!" breathed Dorothy.

"I heard you crying," said the fairy, Cleoma. "Do you need me, dear?"

"Oh, yes," cried Dorothy. "Look at my nose! Now I can't kiss my papa good night."

"That is sad," sighed Cleoma. "We must see what we can do. Did you ever play the Imagination Game? We play it so much in fairyland."

"Oh, will you teach me?" Dorothy exclaimed. "It would be lovely to know a real fairy game! I could show all my playmates. Oh, please teach me!"

"Very well," smiled Cleoma, "come with me."

Dorothy hoped she would take her to fairyland to play it. Instead she took Dorothy Elinor right into her own dining-room.

It was very like fairyland though, Dorothy thought. The table was a beautiful picture with flowers, shining cloth, sparkling silver and pretty dishes.

What did it all mean? Then Dorothy remembered. This was her mama's birthday. They were to have guests at dinner.

The fairy beckoned and Dorothy Elinor followed her into the library. There on the table were ever so many parcels of different size and shape. All were tied with dainty ribbons and wrapped in tissue paper.

Dorothy's fingers fairly danced. They were so eager to untie the ribbons. Her eyes were dancing, too. They wanted to peep inside the parcels and see the gifts. Birthday greetings to her mama they were. Dorothy Elinor knew at once.

Cleoma raised her pretty wings—like a butterfly's they were. Up on the table she flew so light. Over the parcels she tripped and danced. Yet never disturbed them at all.

Dorothy was just going to say, "Let's open them," when Cleoma waved her wand.

"The game begins," she cried. "Now we are to imagine what each parcel contains."

"Without untying the ribbons?" Dorothy asked.

"Oh, certainly. That would spoil our fun. We never touch them at all in fairyland. We just imagine and enjoy them. Now this—" She touched one lightly with her bright wand.

"Oh, chocolates — chocolates," laughed Dorothy. "They are in a pink box with a picture on top and all tied with satin ribbon."

"Fine! fine!" smiled Cleoma. "What do you imagine they look like inside the box?"

"Oh, one is all round and in a tiny, frilly paper cup. Another is pink and has a walnut on top. And there is one square one with a marshmallow inside."

"Lovely! lovely!" laughed Cleoma. "Shall we play eating them?"

"Oh, yes," Dorothy clapped her hands. "This one is a triangle. Isn't it good?" Dorothy played holding it between her two fingers and then biting her teeth into it.

"It's pink inside and all soft and creamy. And there is an almond in the centre for a surprise."

"Now shall we imagine about the other parcels?"

"Oh, yes," Dorothy cried in delight.

Cleoma pointed to a very, tiny parcel.

"Jewelry," Dorothy Elinor exclaimed. It has a beautiful opal setting. The opal is mama's birthstone, you know. Won't she be happy?"

"And this?" Cleoma's wand touched a long parcel. A deep pink showed through the white paper.

"Flowers!" laughed Dorothy Elinor. "Pink asters—I imagine. Mamma loves them."

"And this thin, square parcel?"

"Handkerchiefs, a whole box of them. Oh! isn't it fun," Dorothy cried.

"And this—oh, the paper is off," sighed the fairy.

It was the gilt-hand mirror Dorothy had found on the table that morning. She felt very unhappy for she knew who had taken off the paper.

Dorothy looked at it and then gave a cry of joy.

"My nose! My nose!" she cried. "It is all right—just as it used to be. Oh, you darling fairy. Now I can kiss my papa."

"Come and do it then, little girlie," laughed a deep, big voice.

Dorothy Elinor looked around. Cleoma was not there. Snooper was not there.

Then she spied her dear papa and with a cry of joy ran into his arms.

Keep-Busy Rules

Keep physically active. The inert woman, who hates to move, is usually the greatest growler about her health.

Keep clean. The close connection between the pores of the skin and good health is not considered carefully enough.

Keep interested. There is nothing like a fad or an object in life to put aches and pains in the background.

Keep your feet warm. More cold is taken through the ankles than in any other way; so do not wear low shoes in winter.

Handicraft For Girls

By Dorothy Perkins

FUN FOR A SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY PARTY

Few occasions present as much good material for party entertainment as does St. Valentine's day, and an excellent program can be got together with little preparation because the ideas may be simple ones like those described below.

The game of heart quoits (Fig. 1) requires four heart-shaped bean-bags with circular center openings (Fig. 2), and a pair of stakes (Fig. 4). Fig-



ure 3 is a pattern for cutting the cloth for the bean-bags. Cut two pieces of this shape, then stitch together around the outside and inside edges, leaving only a small opening through which to pour the beans. When the bag has been filled solid, sew up the opening.

The stakes are made as shown in Fig. 5, with a base (A), a pencil up-

right (B) which fits into a hole in the base, and a spool (C). Glue the pencil in the hole, and glue the spool both to the pencil and base, for a brace.

Two at a time play the game of heart-quoits. Each takes a pair of

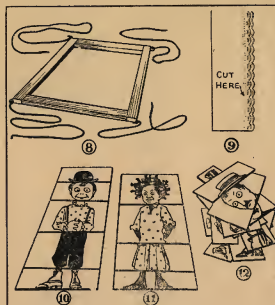


quoits, and, standing behind one of the stakes, in turn, tosses the quoits at the opposite stake, with the object to throw them over the stake (a "ringer"), or to get them closest to the base of the stake. A ringer counts two points, the quoit coming closest to the base of the stake counts one point, and if two quoits of a player land closer than either of the opponent's pair, two points are scored. Twenty-one points constitute a game. For a dozen or so players, pair them off; then when each pair has played, pair off the winners of the games, then the winners of these games, and so on until a final winner is determined.

Animated valentines is a new idea. A frame prepared to look like a large valentine is hung in a doorway, and drapery is hung around it. Then the girls and boys, supplied with coats,

shawls, towels, mufflers, neckties, hats, and other materials suitable for "dressing up," bedeck their heads and shoulders in the most amusing fashion they can devise, and pose behind the frame opening (Fig. 6 and 7), while a judge determines the best "comic."

If you haven't a large picture frame for the purpose, fasten the ends of four sticks together (Fig. 8), screw a screw-eye into each corner of the



frame, and one into each corner of the doorway, and suspend the frame between the screw-eyes with rope (Fig. 7).

Cover the frame with red paper or cloth; then get several sheets of shelf paper (Fig. 9), trim off the lace edge of each sheet, and paste the strips to the frame around the outside and inside edges. This makes an excellent lace-valentine.

Cut pictures of people and animals from newspapers and magazines, for the sliced comics game, and paste upon strips of cardboard. Then with a sharp knife cut up the strips (Fig. 10 and 11), thus making a pile of hats, heads, bodies, legs, etc. (Fig. 12). Place the parts upon a table, picture-side down, and direct the girls and boys to draw the parts from the pile, in turn, and assemble them to form valentines. He whose completed valentine is voted the most com-

ical is winner of the game. The combination of animal bodies with those of people, furnishes possibilities for an exceedingly grotesque and unusual series of comics.

Another way to play this game is to dissect the figures into smaller parts—eyes, mouths, ears, etc. Then, instead of pasting these upon cardboard, place them in a pile and furnish the girls and boys with paper, brush, paste and pencil, and have them select parts and paste up a comic valentine, drawing in pencil portions they wish to add.

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Tad Lincoln's Ride

I had enlisted in 1861 at Rochester, New York, and was firing on a New York Central engine when I quit to be a soldier for Uncle Sam. My enlistment papers showing what my occupation had been, I was soon detailed to run an engine on a little road reaching from Washington down into Virginia, which was being operated by the Government as far down as the boys in blue commanded the situation. At that time I made a round trip each day, leaving Washington at 10 a. m., and arriving in Washington on my return at 4 p. m.

One morning, while I sat in the cab of my engine reading a newspaper to pass the hour or more which would bring us to our starting-time, I became conscious, without paying any particular attention to them, that a gentleman and a youth were examining my engine, walking slowly around it. At length my attention was attracted by a question the boy put to the man: "Papa, can't we get up on it? Ask the gentleman, please!"

Before he could comply with the boy's request, I laid aside my paper, and invited the two to step up. When they did so, I noticed that the gentleman was quite tall. He had to re-

move his high silk hat, and then stand in a slightly stooping position while in the cab. I noticed, from his answers to the questions which the boy put to him, and his explanations, that he knew something of the principle upon which locomotives are built.

"Oh, papa, I do wish I could take a ride on it."

"Not now, my son. Maybe some day we may have a chance, then I shall be glad to let you ride on one of these great machines in which you take such an interest."

I said: "If you and your son will have a seat over there on the fireman's box, I will be glad to give the young man a little ride. I want to pump her up, anyway."

He thanked me as he and the boy seated themselves. I set the lever, opened the throttle slightly, and we moved slowly down the yard, and out to the Washington end of the long bridge across the Potomac. The gentleman explained to the boy all of my acts in controlling the machine and its movements in a manner which showed he knew the locomotive very well.

"Oh, papa, I do wish I could take a long ride on this engine, out in the country, where it goes fast. It must be grand to be carried away by such a big, strong horse."

As the engine slowly backed once more into the sheds, the gentleman again thanked me, and, as I caught the wistful look in the boy's face, I was prompted to say: "My run is only three hours out and three hours back, sir. I leave here at 10 a. m., and return at 4:30 p. m. If you are willing to trust the boy to me, I will take him for the trip here in front of me on my seat. The road is safe. We do not go into the enemy's country. I think I can safely promise to deliver the young man to you at this spot at 4:30 this afternoon."

"Papa, papa, do let me go; it will be so nice, and I know that this gentleman will see that no harm comes

to me. Do let me go, papa, and don't tell mamma until I get back. I want to surprise her by telling her all about the trip."

The gentleman could not withstand his son's pleading. He let him go.

Words fail to tell the delight of that boy as we sped over the hills and valleys of Virginia. From the questions he asked, I soon discovered he was a Western boy from the prairie land. As the engine puffed and groaned up a long grade on the return trip, suddenly the boy, who sat between my knees, looked up into my face, and said:

"I have got the very best papa that ever lived. Do you know my papa?"

"No, my boy, I do not; but there was something so familiar to me in his appearance that ever since you climbed into this cab I have been trying to think where I have seen your father before. What is his name, anyway?"

"Why, he is Abraham Lincoln," replied my fellow-traveler.

For a moment I reeled on my seat in surprise; but it soon flashed on me that the tall man who had placed the child in my charge could be no other man than the President, whom I had only seen as pictured in the newspapers.

You may be sure I made a doubly careful run into Washington when I found that Tad Lincoln, son of the President, was the little guest I had in my cab.

Another man—I suppose a White House servant—met the train on its arrival, and took the boy away.

The next and last time I saw Abraham Lincoln after he had trusted me with his boy for six hours' ride in Virginia; was when he lay in state in Washington, before the sad funeral cortege started to the prairies of Illinois to lay the martyred President to rest at Springfield.—*J. H. Martin, in New York Sun.*



THE SILLY ELF

By Patten Beard

Once upon a time, there lived a silly little elf who owned a silver coin, a spoon, and a penny. With these to help him, he set out into the world to make his fortune. He had not gone very far upon his own two feet when he chanced to meet a big black beetle, scurrying along the path.

"Hello!" exclaimed the silly little elf. "Where are you going so fast?"

"Up and down over the earth," replied the beetle, "and I will take you with me on my back, if you will pay me for it."

So the elf gave the beetle his silver coin and rode upon the beetle's back while he scurried along lickety-split. But they hadn't traveled far, when the beetle bumped into a stone and sent the silly little elf sprawling upon his back in the dust. The beetle himself lay with his heels kicking in the air and he would not get up or go on till the silly little elf tugged him to his feet. Then he said, "I can't carry you any farther, unless you pay me something more."

So the elf gave the beetle his spoon and rode on his back while he scurried along lickety-split. But they hadn't

traveled very far when the beetle bumped into a tree-trunk and sent the silly little elf sprawling upon his back in the dirt. The beetle himself lay with his heels kicking in the air, and he would not get up or go on till the silly little elf tugged him to his feet. Then he said, "I won't carry you any farther, unless you pay me something more!"

And the silly little elf, who had only a penny left, gave the beetle the penny and rode upon the beetle's back while he scurried along lickety-split. But they hadn't traveled very far, when the beetle bumped into a fallen log and sent the silly little elf sprawling upon his back in the midst of the dried leaves and the beetle himself lay with his heels kicking in the air and refused to go on, even after he had been tugged to his feet.

The elf had no more to pay him and he was a long way from having found his fortune. He had parted with his silver coin, his spoon, and his penny, and who knows how these might have helped him on the road to fortune, if he had not been so silly as to give them in exchange for three short rides upon a black beetle who carried him

nowhere in particular and left him to pick himself up and go upon his way, walking upon his own two feet, with his pockets quite empty.

When you want to spend a penny foolishly, you can think of this story, for even a penny that is saved is money in one's pocket.



HE SCURRIED ALONG LICKETY-SPLIT

Happyland

By H. Oxley Stengel

The Land in Which the Red Cross
Wishes Everychild to Dwell.

VII.

"That was mighty good for a boy to write and I think his 'Happyland's quite as nice as any girl's could be,' said a winsome maiden heartily—when the elf had finished Chapter Two—and all agreed in this outspoken

view. Here a mischievous breeze turned the *read* leaf over and a pixie under a stool called "More!" So a fairy was given the book that *she* might read the contents of Chapter Three.

CHAPTER THREE

"Tom Brown's my name and *Happyland* and *Everywhere*'re the same to me—'cause I'm so happy—unless I'm sick—then, oh, dear me! it *disappears* and I'm in Miseryland where *Tears* and *Aches* an' *Sighs* an' *Pouts*

are the goblins that make me feel at outs with everything. Then I can't *play* or do a *thing* to *help* all day—(or think I can't when pestered so by all those Misery folk, you know.) But Mother says a boy can do a *tremendous* lot—and I guess it's true—by being patient and *fighting* Tears an' Pouts an' Sighs; that he can *win* if he really tries.

"Last time Happyland disappeared from view and I saw Miseryland, I knew it was just 'cause I ate too much pie and candy and *Chocolate cake* at the picnic we had down by the lake. Mother said I'd have to pay—that 'You can't treat Nature any way and *not* get punished.' Then I found that was *right* and I made a mighty resolve that night—when those horrid Aches weren't stabbing me so hard and fast I couldn't see. I decided right there and then that I'd rather trust the *Veg'table* man when I was hungry any day—and live in Happyland well and gay—where there's so much more to do and see than there ever is in 'Misery,' never, just before they taste so good, to eat more sweets than a fellow should. The Green-Vegetables, you know, are good for you and help you grow. I have them in my garden, too, and 'tend to them the summer through. I'm an out of door fellow anyhow and I *love* to spade and dig and plow. So I think it's as natural as it can be when I'm good to Vegetables they're so good for me!"

VIII

After Chapter Three of the Happyland book the moon was shining so bright on the brook, the air was so sweet with the perfume of flowers—with the Fairyland orchestra exerting its powers to render enchanting the melodies bright—that the children were thrilled and were wild with delight.

"We'll rest from our reading a little while now, just hark to the beauty

of Night and feel how loveliness and harmony combine to lift you up on wings Divine. 'Tis Beauty," wise wee Airy mused, "that feeds the soul—and children used to feeling liveliness and light will shun the coarse or ugly sight." Then smiling, Airy teasing said, "I guess I was wandering quite over your head! But never mind let's sing a song—and then we'll read—for night is long for fairies and children who go early to bed like all of you."

To the tune of "Annie Laurie"—a tune you surely know—they sang this fairy ballad in voices sweet and low:

Soft strains of music charm us;
Breezes sweets odors bear;
'Tis the charmed hour of midnight
In Fairyland so fair.
In Fairyland so fair.
'Tis the charmed hour of midnight
In Fairyland so fair.

Above, the stars are jewels,
Below, the waters show
Reflected all the beauty
That happy wood folk know.
That happy wood folk know.
Reflected all the beauty
That happy wood folk know.

The pathways all are golden,
No ugly thing is seen,
And we—wood folk and children—
Make merry on the green.
Make merry on the green.
And we—wood folk and children—
Make merry on the green.

(To be continued.)

Blackie

By Mary Collins Terry

Once upon a time there was an old mother hen who had twelve baby chicks. They were all fluffy and yellow except one who was so black that he was called Blackie.

Every morning the little girl who lived in the big farm house came out to feed the chicks.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," said the old mother hen, and "Peep, peep peep!" cried the baby chicks as if they were saying "thank you" to the little girl for taking such good care of them.

"Peep, peep," said Blackie, "now that I have had my breakfast I'm going to take a journey." And away he hopped from his mother and little brothers and sisters as fast as he could go!

By and by he came to a hole in the fence and out he went. He found himself on the nice green lawn and very near a lovely big flower bed full of pretty red and yellow tulips.

"What a fine world this is," thought Blackie, "I'm glad I ran away from the old chicken yard, for it was never so wonderful as this." With that he began scratching around the tulip bed to find something more to eat.

Just then a terrible noise sounded quite near him.

"Bow, wow, wow!" It was the little girl's fat brown puppy who was jumping about on his funny big feet, his tongue hanging out in much excitement.

"What are you doing out of the hen yard?" he said. "Go right back or I shall make you!"

"Peep, peep, peep," cried frightened Blackie and away he ran without looking at all to see where he was going.

Before he knew it he hopped right into the middle of a puddle of water. Little chicks do not like water at all, so poor Blackie was more frightened than ever! He fluttered his little wings, took a great hop and up he jumped on to a smooth stone in the middle of the puddle.

"Peep, peep, peep, Mother, Mother!" he cried. But mother hen was far away in the hen yard and could not even hear him.

The old tabby cat was curled up in the sun on the steps of the farm house porch, not far away. The little girl had given her a good saucer of milk and she was napping after her breakfast.

"Peep, peep, peep!" cried the baby chick from his stone in the puddle, "I want my mother!"

The old tabby cat heard him and came down to see if she could help. She put one paw in the water, but drew it out in a hurry and shook off the drops, then she sat down as if she were trying to think of some other way for tabby cat did not like to wet her feet.

"Peep! peep! peep! I want my mother, I'm afraid I'm going to drown."

Bang! went the screen door and down the porch steps ran the little girl! How she did laugh when she saw little Blackie and the trouble he was in.

"Never mind, Blackie, I'll take you back to your mother," she said and picking him up very carefully, she carried him back to the old mother hen.

Nimble-Nimble Numbers

The Nimble-nimble Numbers

Are very quick and spry

To add, subtract and even

Divide and multiply.

They'll work the hardest problems

Inside the 'rithmetic,

And if you try to help them

They'll do it very quick.

They stand up on the pages

A neat and tidy row,

And count up all the tables,

And bring them out just so.

They count your dimes and nickels

And even dollars, too;

So when you ask, "How many?"

They'll always tell you true.

You have to learn about them

And all the things they tell,

For that's the way to help them

To work your problems well.

—Frances M. Morton, in the *Continent*.



THE CHILDREN'S BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be in black and white and on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Evening

Again the sun has hid his face
Behind the blue-gray hills;
The splendor falls on tree and vale,
The hues light up the rills.

The flowers all have gone to sleep
The birds have hushed their call;
And far away a bugle sounds,
As darkness descends on all.

Melvina Evans,

Age 14

Chilly, Idaho



Drawn by Ruby Kynaston
Age 12. Bancroft, Idaho.

The Real Puzzle

I scanned the "Picture Puzzle" o'er,
Then turned the key to my mental
door;

Not to close but to open wide
The door where latent powers abide.
I fumbled, fumbled, trying to find
Words not held within my mind.
Six small cities—their names and tell
Where they lie and how they're
spelled.

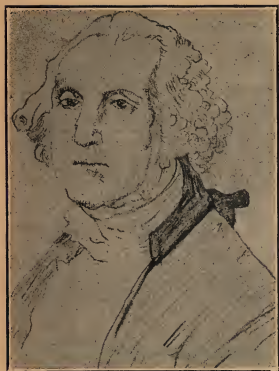
The leaves that the names were on—
Stolen or lost—the leaves were gone,
To try to spell the puzzle name
I'd fall behind, and who's to blame?
I raised my hand and scratched my
head

In sad remembrance of what was said.
I scratched and scratched to wake the
brain,

But to find that all my hopes were
slain;

But still there's something far beneath
My young and tender Chalice dome.
May I reveal what's been bequeathed?
Just a burnished Star, my own.

Virginia Porter,
Bicknell, Utah.



Drawn by Thelma Justet.
Age 15.

Stealing a Ride

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, with their little girl, Ruth, went to the country to spend the summer. While there, they had to send their clothing to a laundry two miles distant. The man with whom they boarded took the clothing for them in a large basket. Sometimes Ruth was allowed to go with him, and she was always glad to go. On one occasion she had received half a promise that she might go; but when it was found that the man intended to remain some time at the village, it was thought best for her to remain at home. She saw the big basket nearly filled with clothing with a large cloth spread over the top carried into the hall. She stood for some time looking at it sorrowfully. Soon an idea came to her. She went to the basket, raised the cloth and crept in, covering herself over as well as she could. She felt sure of a ride now, and lay waiting for some one to carry her off. But the man was delayed in

getting ready, and she had to lie there for a long time. At last he came in and caught up the basket in his strong arms and carried it to his wagon. Just as he set it down, he saw the cloth move. A moment later a curly head popped out, and two eyes opened wide and looked wonderingly about as though at a loss to know what it all meant. Ruth had been asleep, and the jostling of the basket had waked her. Just then Mrs. Ashton came out in search of her little girl. She could not help laughing when she saw Ruth in the basket. She told her that she needn't send herself away with the soiled clothing, for she could have a bath at home as often as she liked.

Inez Rice,
Age 9. Huntingdon, Utah.

Alone in a Sail Boat

One sunny morning in June, Jack awoke thinking how exciting it would seem to go sailing in a sail boat again. He got up full of excitement, dressed, and started off with a gay heart. When he reached the boat he stepped in thinking the weather so fine that he set the mainsail; and was careless enough not to hoist the boom to the proper point.

Soon the wind began to blow very hard, and he thought of how he could have weathered it if it hadn't been for the boom. It buried itself in one great wave and stuck.

The boat balanced on one edge and then keeled over taking him with it. He yelled lustily for help as he struck the water, but no help came. He clung on the boat, which seemed ages to him, but still no help came. When at last he was about to fall exhausted from the boat he felt some one take hold of him, and that was all he knew until he awakened and found himself in a warm cozy bed.

Viola Smith,
Age 15. Jerome, Idaho.



Photo by Florence Peterson,
Blackfoot, Idaho,
R. 1, Box 147.

The Birds

Have you ever noticed the little birds
That flit in the air above?
And noted the music that they sing
Of peacefulness and love?

Have you ever noticed the little nests
Way up in the top of the trees?
As the baby birds are lulled to sleep
By the sway of the nest in the
breeze?

They are very homely little things
Before they leave the nest,
But by the time they learn to fly,
In gay feathers they are dressed.

Their tiny wings grow stronger, too,
So does their little feet,
And their voices that so squeaky were,
Sing now so soft and sweet.

Laura Kleinman

Age 15

Toodles

Mary was sitting on the couch, watching the raindrops fall on the window pane. She began to cry, because she was afraid she would get no valentines, as they had the "flu."

All at once she felt something warm in her lap. She looked down and there was Toodles, her little white pet dog. She watched him wag his tail and blink his eyes until she forgot to cry.

When she looked out of the window again it had stopped raining and the sun was shining through the clouds.

Someone knocked at the door.

She went to see who it was. But no one was there.

Seeing no one she was about to close the door, when she saw a white paper on the floor. When she picked it up she saw it was a large envelope with a valentine from each of her little friends.

So Mary was happy after all, with her valentines and her little dog Toodles.

Leola D. Green,
Roberts, Idaho.

Age 8.



Drawn by LaVaun Carr
Bountiful, Utah.

Age 12.



Photo by Wm. Arnold Wright
1365 Jefferson Ave.,

Age 11. Ogden, Utah.

The Bob Cat Family

Once upon a time there was a bob cat. It had three babies. One time one of the babies wandered off and found some meat in a trap. He wanted some of the meat and in trying to get it, he was caught in the trap. He cried and cried for help. His mother and little brothers came running to see what was the matter. When they came near the place where they heard the cry, they saw a man standing with a gun in his hands just ready to shoot the poor little fellow.

Because the mother loved her baby so much she tried to save him by fighting the man. She sprang on the man's back and with her teeth and claws tore at him so hard that he dropped his gun. The man struggled with the mother cat a long time, but at last managed to get away.

The mother worked with her baby and at last got him out of the trap. The other little fellows ran to him

and were so happy to know that their little brother was saved.

Their mother took them all home safely and they promised never to wander away from their mother any more.

R. Russell Anderson,
Age 8. 4631 37th St.,
San Diego, California.

My Merry Kitten

I have a little yellow cat,
Who love to jump and play;
Or lie all curled up in a ball,
And sleep the time away.

He's often in the barnyard,
Looking for a mouse;
Or sometimes in the cellar
As well as in the house.

And when I go out with his milk,
He meets me at the door;
And laps it all up with his tongue,
Then softly mews for more.

Metta Crawford,
Age 9. Enterprise, Utah.
Box 385.



Drawn by Dorothy Gardiner
928 Hollywood Ave.,
Age 12. Salt Lake City, Utah.

Pa's Stories

When the wind's a blowin', outside
the house,

And it's cold as cold can be,
There's somethin', I want to tell you,
It's somethin', right good you see.

We like to hear pa tell about,
When he was a little kid,
The kindo pranks he usta play;
And all 'bout what he did.

We all get 'round the fireside,
And wait a long, long time,
Then pa says, with a smile on his face,
Guess I'll tell a story if no one
minds.

He always tells about the days,
When he usta go to school,
He'd do mean tricks and the teacher'd
say,

"Now, Joe, that's against the rule."

And then about the fightin' days,
First this kid and then that,
Always starts with a little quarrel,
And end with a great big scrap,

So when the wind's a blowin' outside
And it's cold as cold can be,
Them's the kindo stories I like to hear,
Cause they're the best kind you see.

Olive Gosling,
Ewell, Utah,
Box 16.



Drawn by Kate Isom
Age 15. Hurricane, Utah.



By Fred C. Christensen,
Age 15. Manassa, Colo.

Crossing the Plains

My mother's aunt crossed the plains
when she was about twelve years old.

One day she was riding on a pony
and her hair came down. It was a
pretty golden color. Some Indians
saw her and they thought her hair
was the prettiest hair they had ever
seen. They came to the wagons and
wanted to buy her, but her mother
wouldn't sell her. The Indians said
they would come back after awhile,
and they went away.

They dressed her up in men's
clothes and had her carry a gun over
her shoulder, and she marched along
with the men.

And when the Indians came again,
they searched all the wagons, but they
couldn't find her, so they rode off and
they didn't bother about that any more.

Twila Kinghorn,
1008 N. 7th St.,
Boise, Idaho.

Age 11.

At the Castle of Enchantment

Once upon a time there were two children. Their father was a wood-cutter, so they lived in the woods.

One day the children were playing beneath a tree, when they heard a sweet voice say, "We are coming." The children did not know who were coming, or what it meant until they heard the rumbling of chariot wheels. They looked and saw a golden chariot drawn by four golden horses coming towards them.

Before they knew it, they were in the carriage being drawn lightly away.

The strange people said they found the children and would keep them.

The people that got them used enchantments. They were really fairies.

They took the children to a great castle with magnificent gems all around.

They took the children inside and gave them to a man whom the children thought to be the king.

The children could not be made happy until the people told them they would grant one wish.

So the children wished to go to their father, but the people would not consent, but promised to get their father. So the people got the father and he and his children lived happy ever after.

Age 10. Guenever Fuhrman,
Ridgedale, Idaho.

The Newsboy Ragamuffin

The newsboy was an interesting little ragamuffin. His black eyes gleamed as we bought a paper from him. We were especially interested in him when we saw that his clothes were patched and clean. His black

curls were covered by a cap many sizes too small for him. We handed him a quarter as pay for the paper. We had intended to tell him to keep the change, but he was gone before we could utter a word. We had begun to think him a thief when he suddenly appeared before us with two shining dimes in his grimy fist. He handed them to us with a smile that revealed two rows of pearly white teeth. We asked him his name, but found that we were talking to empty space. He had vanished but his memory had not. We knew that some careful mother had kept her small son from being a thief when he had a very good chance to be one in the crowded thoroughfares of a big city.

Age 12. Agnes Skinner,
Spanish Fork, Utah.

A Prayer

Dear Father up in heaven
We ask of Thee this day,
To guide us by Thy Spirit,
Lest we may go astray.

Forgive us of our follies,
And help us to be strong,
In truth and love and virtue,
And then we'll do no wrong.

Bestow upon us blessings,
We're worthy to obtain,
And we will strive to serve Thee,
And greater blessings gain.

And now our Heavenly Father,
We want to do what's right,
And live Thy glorious Gospel,
With all our mind and might.

Age 14. Venita McKinnon,
648 24th St.,
Ogden, Utah.

Puzzle for December

Cities of Pennsylvania:

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Freeland | 4. Coatsville |
| 2. Lehighnton | 5. Kane |
| 3. Dunmore | 6. Shenandoah |

Winners

Lucile Cardon, 330 West 1st N. Logan, U.
 Nettie Hyde, Hyde Park, Utah.
 Irma Hyde, Box 134, Hyde Park, Utah.
 Fern Moore, 2135 Adams Ave., Ogden, U.
 Orba Seamons, Hyde Park, Utah.
 Nisha Seamons, Hyde Park, Utah.
 Arnold Newman, Rigby, Ida., R. No. 2.
 John S. Schutt, Rupert, Ida., Box 615.

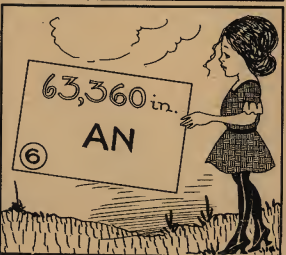
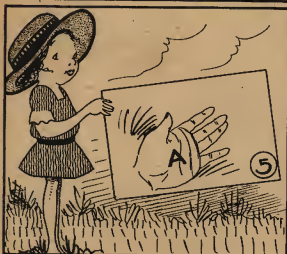
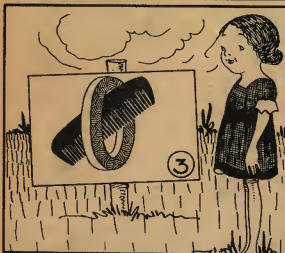
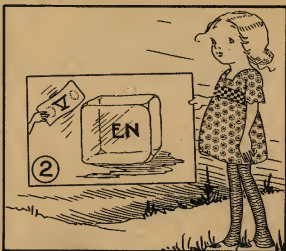
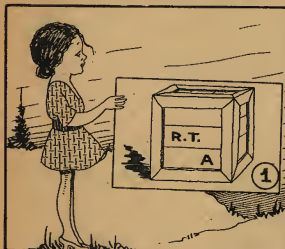
Honorable Mention

Lucille Allen, Burley, Idaho.
 Floyd M. Atkinson, Twin Falls, Ida.
 Eleanor Atkinson, Twin Falls, Ida.
 Dorothy Anderson, Ogden, Utah.
 Ray B. Allen, Twin Falls, Ida.
 Edward Boyer, Wolf Point, Mont.
 Rebecca Bischoff, Lovell, Wyo.
 Luzon Bates, Driggs, Idaho.
 Bernice Baldwin, Beaver, Utah.
 Delone Bowcutt, Fielding, Utah.
 La Vaun Benson, Darlington, Idaho.
 Pauline Carrigan, Peterson, Utah.
 Metta Crawford, Enterprise, Utah.
 Norma Christensen, Brigham, Utah.
 Matilda Cramer, Elmo, Utah.
 Myrtle Cramer, Elmo, Utah.
 Amy Carter, Mesita, Colo.
 William Castle, Bakersfield, Cal.
 Stella Crispin, Murray, Utah.
 Inez Dewey, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Opal Earl, Delta, Utah.
 Mabel Egan, Byron, Wyo.
 Douglas M. Frazier, Oakley, Utah.
 Mary Green, Layton, Utah.
 Nora Green, Layton, Utah.
 Inez Gifford, Springdale, Utah.
 Sylva Gibson, Enoch, Utah.
 Clifford Gibby, Ogden, Utah.
 Belya Gittins, Lava Hot Springs, Ida.
 Verl Hansen, Fountain Green, Utah.
 Melvina Holt, Cainsville, Utah.
 Zelpha Holt, Cainsville, Utah.
 Lucile Holbrook, Malad, Idaho.
 Lydia Hood, Roosevelt, Utah.
 Irene Herbert, Maysville, Ga.
 Leslie Harrison, Afton, Wyo.

Elbon Harrison, Afton, Wyo.
 Merrill Jackman, Spanish Fork, Utah.
 Paul Jensen, Toronto, Canada.
 Irene Jeppson, Moore, Idaho.
 Ila Jepson, Alpine, Arizona.
 Sigurd Krantz, Salt Lake City.
 Iola Kimball, Portland, Oregon.
 Blanche Knight, Turner, Idaho.
 Harold Keetch, Lindon, Utah.
 Clark Larter, Chilly, Idaho.
 Lila Lee, Idaho Falls, Idaho.
 Laura Lehmberg, Auburn, Wyo.
 Daverl Lowry, Taylorsville, Can.
 Edith McConkie, Vernal, Utah.
 Ethel McConkie, Vernal, Utah.
 George McConkie, Vernal, Utah.
 Lavora Miller, Miami, Arizona.
 Lavinia Mitchell, Portland Oregon.
 Drucilla Moon, Farmington, Utah.
 Artell Manning, Gilbert, Arizona.
 Margaret Mortensen, Sandy, Utah.
 Pearl Naylor, Sunnyside, Utah.
 Anna Nelson, Preston, Idaho.
 Frank Nielson, Gunlock, Utah.
 Leland M. Nielson, Cleveland Idaho.
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CITIES IN ITALY

BY WALTER WELLMAN







Prizes of books will be given to the first ten of those under seventeen who correctly solve the above puzzle, and send us the best original drawing, or photograph, or the best article of not to exceed two hundred words, or poem of not to exceed twenty lines on any




subject. Answers must be in by March 1, 1921, and all contributions are subject to the rules provided in "The Children's Budget Box." Address Puzzle Editor, *Juvenile Instructor*, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.





Somebody and the Princess


II


DING, dong! the great  in the Palace tower struck eight and the  peeped in at the Princess Maud's window. The Princess lay in her little gold  on her pink silk  and wondered. Her

Queen-mama had gone away and now Somebody else would have to look after her. What would Somebody be like? Like a fairy, she thought, with  and a wand, and if she was very frightened, Somebody would come flying in at the  and save her. Would n't that be wonderful! When the  was all dressed










in one of her two hundred and seventeen dresses, she took Doll Araminta, the very nicest of her hundred and seventeen , out into the sun-parlor, and told her

all about it. The sun-parlor was large and bright and full of lovely chairs and soft .

"How would you like to have your luncheon out here on a little ,

your Royal Highness dear?" asked the first Maid of Honor, when the Palace  struck twelve. "I'd love it," said the Princess.

So she had her luncheon out there on a little table with a beautiful

gold . And there was chicken and peach-
 and frosted cake. But the crumbs were scat-
tered all over the floor, and the first thing the Princess
knew, a little  came out of a hole in the wall
and ran over to get crumbs! The Princess had never
seen a  before and she was so frightened that
she sat as still as a mouse herself. She did not
dare to move or scream or call anyone, and oh dear
me! the  came nearer and nearer! But pit,
pat, Somebody was coming up the stairs. Pit, pat!
Somebody with four  and a ribbon and a
 on her neck. And just when the Princess
was getting ready to scream in she came at the door
and away flew the little mouse to his  in the wall
and up jumped the Princess and hugged Somebody
round her soft neck. "Oh, you dear Somebody!"
she cried. "Were you
the ? I'm not afraid
any more!" "Miaow!"
said Somebody. And who
was it, do you suppose, but
Peg, the royal Pussy-cat!





THE FUNNY BONE

Hen Talk

First Rooster: "What's the matter with Mrs. Doodle?"

Second Rooster: "Shell shock. Ducks came out of the eggs she was setting on."—Kennebec Journal.

Comforting

Patient: "Hardly expected to see you this soon again, doc."

M. D.: "Had to look at another patient in the neighborhood, so I thought I might as well kill two birds with one stone."

Black and Tan

The black-haired boy had a mighty contempt for the tow-headed boy.

"Huh," he said, "your mother takes in washing."

"Of course she does," the tow-headed satirist retorted. "You didn't think she would leave it hanging out at night unless your father was in jail, did you?"—Exchange.

A Counterclaim

"I understand you said I didn't have enough sense to come in out of a shower of rain," said Dobson.

"I did not," replied Gadspur.

"What did you say, then?"

"I merely remarked to a friend of ours that if there was a tax on brains the government would owe you money."—Denver Times.

His Answer

The sweet young thing was being shown through the locomotive works.

"What is that thing?" she asked, pointing with a dainty parasol.

"That," answered the guide, "is an engine boiler."

She was an up-to-date young lady and at once became interested.

"And why do they boil engines?" she inquired again.

"To make the engine tender," politely replied the resourceful guide.

Love's Regrets

"I punished you merely to show my love for you," said the fond father after chastisement.

"That's all right," sobbed the small son, "but it's a g-g-good thing for you I ain't b-b-big enough to return your l-love, that's all."

English and Eggs

"Do you say that your hens 'sit' or 'set'?" asked the precise pedagog of the busy housewife.

"It never matters to me what I say," was the quick reply. "What concerns me is to learn, when I hear the hen cackling, whether she is laying or lying."—Farm and Fireside.

Too Late

"I don't like these photos at all," he said, "I look like an ape."

The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain.

"You should have thought of that before you had them taken," was his reply as he turned back to work.—American News Trade Journal.

Again the Scot

Sandy, the farmer, had been staying with some friends for about a month, and while he and his host were out for a walk one day they called at a wayside inn for a drink.

As his host was about to pay for it Sandy stopped him.

"Na, na," he said, "I'll not allow it. Ye've been keeping me in everything at yer house for a month, and ye've treated me to the theatres, and cab fares, and paid for all the drinks. I tell ye, I'll hae na mair of it. We'll toss for this one."

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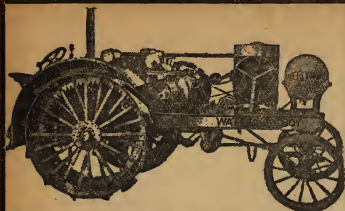
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